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# CORNHILL MAGAZINE

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1936

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NEW YORK: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 131 VARICK STREET, N.Y.  
Published Monthly, price 1s. 6d. net. Annual Subscription, 20s., post free.  
Entered as Second Class Matter March 15, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879, (Sec. 397, P. L. and R.).

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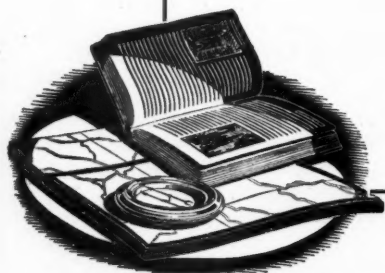
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THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1936.

THE LAND OF THE RED GOOSE.

BY COL. T. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

LET this title not give rise to visions of flocks of red birds sweeping across the sky, such as migratory flights of flamingoes or sheld-ducks. The bird is not red at all: it is in various shades of black and white. The Red Goose is the Bernacle, *Bernicla leucopsis*; the Dutch called it the Red Goose because its cry was said to resemble the word red in their language.

The medieval Dutch were well used to the sight of the Red Goose, for it fed in thousands on the shores of the Zuider Zee, and elsewhere on their coasts, where suitable grass could be found. But never had a nest been found. The position of their breeding-place was a mystery. About June the birds got very wild, formed themselves into flocks, and flew away North. At the end of August, or the beginning of September, young birds appeared, to be followed later by the old birds. Where did they breed, and how did the young birds find their way to Holland? That is just what the Dutch and everyone else did not know, and even now we do not know, beyond guesswork, how the young of several species find the way South whilst their parents are moulting.

The miraculous is generally but what human intelligence cannot understand in its contacts with the problems of natural science. Life in the sixteenth century was full of unproved problems. In the twentieth very budding intellects play with matters which would have made the hairs of the grandparents stand up on end. Flight and wireless seem to have dispossessed the miracle for all time. Not so in the sixteenth, whilst small boys will have been just as prone to put awkward questions to uninformed parents, mindful of dignity. So the small boy was told he could not add the Red Goose's egg to his collection because they laid their eggs on the sea, which also saved any trouble about incubation and early feeding. I have been told that there are wood-cuts in old books still extant showing geese perched on rocks shooting eggs out into the sea. Some say the Bernacle got its name through the tradition that it was born of barnacles attached to floating timber, and that this story was generally believed is shown by

the following extract from the *Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe*, written in 1648 :

'We all feasted at the Governor's of the castle, and much excellent discourse passed ; but, as was reason, most share was Sir Kenelm Digby's, who had enlarged somewhat more in extraordinary stories than might be averred, and all of them passed with great applause and wonder of the French then at table ; but the concluding one was, that barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish in appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration, they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false ; and, to say the truth, it was the only thing true he had discoursed with them.'

So, for the time being we must give the sea the credit for being the foster-mother of the Bernacle.

Let us not be too ready to smile at this effort to explain away the obscure. Zoology is a very late achievement of the human race. There is not much written of that science, at least now available, between Genesis and Buffon, beyond fables. Buffon died in 1788, and six years previously was published by W. Darling, Advocate's Close, in Edinburgh, *A Description of above Three Hundred Animals*, in which figure a Dragon, wings, feet, and forked tongue complete ; a Sea Horse which is a quadruped ; a Manticora, that is a maned leopard with the tail of a scorpion ; a Lamia, described as a goat with a horse's tail and the head and breasts of a woman, with the statement that it is the Hebrew Lilith mentioned in the 34th chapter of Isaiah ; and sundry other beasts which, fortunately, do not exist. If that was the state of popular zoological knowledge in the eighteenth century we may excuse the sixteenth for thinking that cold sea water could incubate geese's eggs and feed the goslings.

The solution of this ornithological problem was found by a great seaman, Barents. In a nation of good seamen, then as they are to-day, this Dutchman stands out pre-eminently as a pilot of Arctic Seas. Hakluyt's *Voyages* show him as a brave, hardy man, but with a well-marked vein of obstinacy which was to lead to his death. A man of his experience should not have tried to winter where he did, and he would not have done so had he not been opposed. That is what those queerly worded old accounts of old voyages suggest. Anyhow, those who opposed him survived.

In 1596 he was the chief pilot of an expedition of two ships which left Holland to explore the far North. At that time Green-

land and Iceland were known, and had been known for a long time, but little was known of what lay north of a line drawn from the North Cape of Norway, the North Coast of Iceland, and Cape Adelaer in Greenland. Through his Greenland experience he must have known that a barrier of permanent ice existed with its position influenced by the time of the year, but he may not have known how it is affected by the Northern Drift of the Gulf Stream, which forces in farther north than on the coasts of Greenland.

When Barents left the North Cape behind him he was in unknown waters, but the possibility that sealers had preceded him must be admitted, as there was a great demand for oil for lighting purposes in those days. He found Bear Island, which he named after a contest he had with a polar bear swimming in the sea; this survived the musketry of two boats' crews, and had to be finished off with an axe. On some maps it is called Cherry Island, though never did a cherry tree, or any sort of tree, grow on that bleak land. Cherry was the name of an Englishman who lived in Russia and was instrumental in getting formed the English Muscovy Company to join with other companies in the exploitation of Barents' discoveries sixteen years after the latter's death. It has a wild inhospitable coast, a death-trap for maimed ships blown on to it, encircling a bleak, rocky land overshadowed by the aptly named Mount Misery, about 1,600 feet high, the first hill to be named thus being nearer the coast. It is no place for man, so the birds and the foxes have it to themselves, except for a wireless station.

Barents then steered N.W. and ran into the fog which is more the prominent meteorological feature of those latitudes than the much advertised Midnight Sun. Such a skilful pilot may well have 'smelt' land to starboard. Anyhow, he kept well out, before altering course to the North, and sailed on until he met the pack ice, possibly about Lat.  $80^{\circ} 20'$ . He then turned South, with some East in his course, and found the land he named Spitsbergen.

So the most northerly land, anyhow on that longitude, was discovered by ships coming from the north.

He will have seen the land just as we see it now, less the numerous schools of whales he saw. That is a rocky shore surmounted by jagged peaks covered with ice and snow standing out sharply against a very light blue sky, with many inlets often guarded by sharp-pointed rocks in the sea. As there is less fog on its northern coast he may have first seen the land on a clear day, or night, and

there is not much difference between the two in June and July. Being a Dutchman he used the word Spits with Bergen to denote a land of sharp-pointed hills, although the Admiralty charts try to make him a German by substituting a z for the s and rendering the name Spitzbergen. The snow-line might have been about 1,000 feet above the sea, and, later, he must have seen the big glaciers at the head of Red Bay, where they touch the sea.

At once he must have seen that he had found more than a land of jagged, ice-bound peaks. He had found the homeland of the Red Goose. There they were in countless swarms, nesting anywhere amongst the cliffs, for they like an elevated position for their nests, just as they are to this day, accompanied by thousands of gulls, skuas, fulmars, and little auks, all along the coast from Amsterdam Isle to Welcome Point and perhaps beyond well up to Hinlopen Strait. In July it is a realm of birds, who treat man with contempt, for they greet him with irritable squawks and will hardly move out of his way. So much do the birds impress observers that Barents, and later visitors, made use of them for place-names. Red Bay and Red Beach are the breeding-places of the Red Goose. Foul Bay should be written Fowl Bay. There is no mistaking the cause for the names Vogelsang, Vogel Hook, Foul Ground, and Goose Haven. It is possible that Foul Sound, lying between Prince Charles Foreland and the main island, was intended to indicate an obstructed channel, for it has a barrier across it between Michael Sar's Point and Murray Point. If so, it is the exception which proves the rule that Foul should be written Fowl.

As well as birds, sea beasts have suggested place-names, so we get Whales Back, Seahorse Bay, and Whales Bay. And it is these which bring us to the next part of the story.

Barents and the crews were much struck by the number of Greenland whales visible on all sides, but they frequented some bays more than others. They were the *Balaena mysticetus*, the Right Whale, about 50 feet long with heads taking up a third of the length, so there was a large amount of long whalebone in their mouths, and they were good for at least 130 barrels of oil apiece.

The strong commercial instincts of the Dutch told them that they had found a gold mine in the frozen wastes of the North. Oil was then what formed the chief means of lighting up any place after dark, whether the streets of a town or the family supper table, for mineral oil was not known. The difficulty for the Dutch was that they knew nothing about whaling, so, on their return, Barents



having died of scurvy during the winter, expeditions were formed with Biscayan whalers to teach them the trade, the Basques having practically the monopoly of it up to then. It is through the Basque whalers we have the place-names Biscayer's Hook, Basques Bay, and possibly Magdalena Bay, if this is not named after a ship.

For fifty years or more was that gold-mine worked by the Dutch and their imitators, amongst whom were the English of London and Hull. Companies were formed with high-sounding names; people of rank lent their names in return for dividends. Whilst adventurers did the dirty work for a small wage the company promoters stayed at home and raked in the gold; at least I cannot imagine either Cherry or Hinlopen doing much whale-catching. In fact, it was just as we do such things now; and it was very bad for the whales, so much so that eventually they left the island.

The *modus operandi* was for ships to arrive off the coast as soon as the ice permitted with double crews, one to work the ship and one to work on shore rendering the blubber. On shore they erected 'tents,' which were really wooden huts, and 'ovens' to boil the blubber in, the traces of some of which can be seen now. The Dutch went to Smerenburg on Danes Island, where it is estimated that about 1,200 were at work; a larger number is given, but it is difficult to see where there is room for more on that site. The English were at English Point, English Bay, and Osborne Inlet, and other nations acquired anchorages and oven sites in this No Man's Land. They harpooned whales, or made use of drives to beach them, and they found them easy to kill, for the Greenland whale is no fighter like the Finner or Rorqual, whose turn did not come until the invention of the harpoon gun with an explosive in the head of the harpoon. Undesirable elements joined the shore-parties, even women risked the rigours of the life, and, whilst the whales dyed the sea with their blood and stripped carcasses floated off covered with screaming sea-birds, on shore, the ovens smoked, the coopers plied their trade, and the drinking dens flourished. For the space of three months or so of ice-free water humans wallowed in blood, blubber, and brandy.

Only sufficient fuel to cook the first whale had to be brought in the ships; the refuse from that whale provided fuel for the next, and so on. There were fierce quarrels between the nations; the English of London treating the English of Hull as enemies. And the death-roll was high, mainly from scurvy, for no one knew anything about vitamins, and how to arrange for their presence in

diet in the correct proportions. At Smerenburg they buried their dead on an island in the South Gat; generally only for the bears to dig up during the winter. So many human bones were scattered about that shore that not long ago the Queen of Holland sent a ship there to inter them and to erect a suitable monument. Some years ago I picked up a human thigh-bone on the rocks of Axels Island in Bell Sound; probably a trapper had died there, for it is a good game island. The only cure for scurvy they seem to have known was a certain plant of the sorrel family which grows on Danes Island on the slopes of the hill, which was called a 'salad,' and figures as a much-appreciated present of one ship's captain to another. That well may have been, for scurvy is an ever-present danger in high latitudes.

With the passing of the whalers, for indiscriminate slaughter forced the whales to retire to the Davis Straits, a silence of about a hundred years falls on Spitsbergen, broken only by the cry of the birds in July, and the visits of trappers, mostly Russian, who are hardy enough even to winter there, for they seem to be able to withstand scurvy. They are there to-day, and little good can be said for their trade. It is probably the most cruel trade there is; but for vanity it would not exist, for fur is not the warmest covering for the human body in these days. It would be a fortunate thing for the beasts if, when they are buying the pelt of an Arctic fox, women could have enough imagination to see the poor brute struggling for days in a trap. To any lover of animal life the storeroom of a Tromsö or Hammerfest fur merchant is a veritable chamber of horrors; still kindly people handle those pelts, buy them, and wear them, thereby encouraging trappers to inflict more horrors on the brute creation during the next winter. Not only the cry of trapped animals intrudes on the hundred years' silence, for sufficient adventurers go to map out most of the Western coast-line, which was fairly accurately known by the end of the eighteenth century. Nothing was known of the interior, for it is a land forced by conditions to live on its coast-line. Not much is known now, although the Prince of Monaco, Winans, Trevor Battye, and Martin Conway have mapped out portions, and young Oxford men are showing us that the spirit of adventure does exist in to-day's rising generation, and their work is of the greatest use to science, geography and humanity. The first real break in the silence comes when Spitsbergen becomes the jumping-off place for Arctic explorers, from before Parry to Nobile. They leave their traces in place names; Amundsen has



a monument at King Bay of a style well suited to a very gallant man. Apparently as a monument Nobile has left at King Bay the hangar of his airship which came to such an untimely end ; and he has also left such ill-feeling that makes his name regarded in Tromsø much as Mussolini's is in Addis Ababa. Now the chief importance of the place lies in its coal-mines. Since the land was mandated to Norway in 1920, and incorporated in their Svalbard, they have worked these mines, although at Green Harbour can be seen a huge Russian barrack with the red flag floating over it. In 1933 the coal export was 323,150 tons, most of which went to the mainland for bunkering and to Narvik for the railway. King Bay, Advent Bay, and Green Harbour are the chief coaling stations, about 600 men wintering there well provided for everything that makes life possible in such regions. The little church at Advent must surely be the most northerly church in the world. It is also a school, for some families remain for the winter, and the children look healthy enough.

But neither explorers nor coal-miners can take away from the birds the fact that they are the outstanding feature of life in Spitsbergen during the six weeks that start about July 1. Before that date an occasional raven may be seen, soon to be followed by the Glaucous Gull, that Robber of the North, and scavenger too. Should the coastline be clear of snow on July 1 the birds will arrive punctually. They know quite well when the season is late, and seem to have an intelligence department to tell them when to come and when their food is available for them. The sexes may travel in separate flocks, but the love-making period is very short ; there is no time for frivolity of that sort, for in six weeks' time they have to nest, always a very slight affair, to lay, to incubate, to fledge, to grow strong enough for the migration south. In addition the old birds have to moult. So the young birds leave some days before them, and find their own ways to points hundreds of miles away. How do they do it ? What shows them the way ? That is just what we do not know.

Breeding time is one of feverish activity. The birds know their time is limited, and are so busy about their nests that they rarely seem to feed. Should they lose their nests through weather or marauders they leave at once, for there is no time for a second hatch. By August 15 hardly a bird is left, and they will not be seen until next July 1. In the interval they will have flown thousands of miles. The Arctic Tern may have been in the Antarctic. They will have crossed wild seas, high mountains, many will have

crossed the Sahara Desert, all the time exposed to many enemies. All are not born navigators, many thousands are lost. Nature can be most cruel in the urges she inflicts; the instinct for migration lays a heavy toll on bird life. Beside Nature man, in that way, is a saint.

The only native bird is a grouse, *Lagopus hemileucurus*, which Abel Chapman claims as the father of all the grouse. Like all the grouse it is a bird which burrows under the snow. Our old friend *Lagopus scoticus*, the Red Grouse, does the same thing in heavy snowstorms, but does not have to spend nine months of the year under snow as his Spitsbergen cousin must. When the first soft snow falls the latter scratches out tunnels amongst the seed-bearing grasses on which he feeds and which do not come to maturity until after the first snowfall. Subsequent hard snowfalls, and intense frost comes which gives an upper surface of iron, but finds him well prepared, and safe from both cold and foxes which take a heavy toll of his kind in the breeding season when he emerges from his winter quarters. Some observers may call him a ptarmigan, but there is all the difference between the beak and claws of a burrowing bird and one which does not. As for the winter habits of his fox enemies the latter are said to kill birds in the summer and store them in ice-cracks for winter consumption. Trappers have told me that they are certain of this, and from what I have seen of the Arctic fox I am prepared to credit him with any cunning and ingenuity in obtaining a meal. The reindeer, of which there are a good few, but smaller and lighter in colour than on the mainland, seem to live on their own fat. It is difficult to see what else there is for them to live on when the surface of the snow is frozen so hard as to be proof against even their heavy, boat-shaped feet, and prevents them from obtaining access to the mosses on which they feed. No doubt, in lulls between the constant blizzards they may get pickings. At the end of the winter the deer are in a very emaciated and weak condition; they recuperate wonderfully quick, and in a few days are very fat again. When the first snow falls they are very fat indeed.

Polar bears rarely, if ever, hibernate. That is unfortunate for them, for it is obviously the best way to live during an Arctic winter with its cold, darkness, and starvation. During the short summer they are not seen west of Hinlopen Sound; nor are the walrus. With the coming of the snow they appear anywhere on the frozen beaches. They are seal hunters; excavators of dead

bodies, and of trappers' stores; and scavengers generally, with considerable ability for catching cod. Their activity in the water is amazing for beasts of such a size, and they swim long distances at times. Like all Arctic bird and animal life they have little fear for man, and infinite patience for catching him off his guard. Although easy to kill it cannot be doubted that they are accountable for many tragedies amongst the trappers, either through destroying their stores or attacking them.

Until 1920, the date when it was mandated to Norway, much to the advantage of all concerned with it, Spitsbergen was a No Man's Land. Adventurers of several nations visited it during the six weeks it is accessible in anything approaching comfortable conditions in any year. Except for a few ruined huts all they have left behind them is the names they have given to features which attracted their attention. And any one feature may have more than one name. These names show the variety of the map-makers as to nationality, and the cause for the several expeditions. To take a few for example: Collins Cape is named after Bennet's Bo'sun; Horn Sound because Poole, working for the Muscovy Company, found a reindeer horn on the beach; Bell Sound because he thought the Bell Mount overlooking it resembled a bell; Ice Sound because he found it full of ice, it is a late fjord; and Green Harbour as it was open when the Ice Sound was closed, although there is nothing really green about it at all except the door of one house. Poole and Bennet worked there in 1607 and 1610. Later in the century, about 1656, Whitwell's ship, the *Adventure*, gives the name to Advent Bay. Poole suggested Cross Bay, because he erected a cross there to draw the attention of another ship to some sailing directions he left. And so we go on to the nineteenth century when more visitors came to Spitsbergen through the activities of polar explorers and through steam removing the danger of rocky lee shores. In 1838 the French renamed Schurhavn Recherche Bay; but it was left for the British Navy to find the most incongruous name in Training Squadron Island. The origin of Magdalena is uncertain; early in the seventeenth century it is Mary Magdalen Bay, perhaps the Basques found the name, for it was a common one amongst their ships.

Mount Luisitania commemorates the visit of an Orient cruising ship in 1894. *Virgo* was Andrée's ship. Many ships have left their names on the island, many ships' captains, and many explorers. Now that the Norwegian Government has charge perhaps it will

take steps to prevent indiscriminate naming and renaming, to the confusion of students of geography, but all will hope that it will find a place-name to commemorate the excellent work of the Oxford men.

A visit to the island is a gamble so far as clear weather is concerned. To go before July 1 is risky. To go later than August 15 is foolish, for bird life, the standing feature of the place, is absent or packing up to go. During July there are three possibilities. One that a heavy fog blots out everything, when one must either lay off or anchor, whilst water streams off oilskins on to swimming decks, although no rain may be falling. Another is that the fog may lift just short of the tops of the mountains, showing the coastline and the lower portions of the glaciers, but obscuring the sun. This is most exasperating, for it is as if one saw magnificent stage scenery with the curtain half lowered and the foot and spotlights turned down. Wonderful is the scene on a clear, still day. The Spits stand out sharply against a light blue sky; snow lies everywhere above 1,200 feet; enormous glaciers in groups stretch from almost the tops of the mountains to sea-level, where they 'calve' with a roar; in a cold, green sea Little Auks skim over the water, giving the impression that they live in a perpetual state of remembering something they have left behind. Every cliff is the nursery of sea-birds, with gulleries on the slopes above them. Gulls fish, often chased by skuas, who live by making gulls drop their catches. Raptors fly everlastingly backward and forward across the faces of some cliffs, quartering the sea and beaches below them. Seals put up enquiring heads; they will all be on ice-floes if a Thresher is in the Bay. On shore there will be the wealth of wild flowers to see which follow up the receding snow-line, appearing when twenty-four hours have passed since the melting of the mantle of snow; dwarf yellow poppies, saxifrages, blue geraniums, and buttercups. And the whole lit up by the pale, yellow light of a sun that shines day and night, causing growth to go on unceasingly, with no night's rest, during a summer lasting about six weeks. A truly wonderful scene; when you can see it!

Fortunate is the one who sees it as I once did. For twenty-four hours we had been at anchor in a dense fog in a silence broken only by the wail of our syren which not even the bark of a sealer's hand fog-horn answered. Tempers got short as the ship got chilled through and through and the decks ran with water although there was no rain. A slight clearance overhead caused us all to look

forward, when the fog parted as if cut with a knife, rolling away to either side, and displaying the scene described above.

The island awaits an artist to do justice to the delicate colouring formed by the light greens, yellows, and blues, the shades of white, and the browns that make up in the aggregate the very soft general colour effects. Except for the whites of the snow and the browns of the bare rocks there is no splash of any one colour. The difficulty for the artist is to find sufficient time in which to paint a picture. To go in small craft out of Hammerfest or Tromsø is somewhat too trying for those unused to the sea, and may result in getting to one place only, with the return journey uncertain. A few cruising ships just peep in and give no time for more than a run ashore in very safe places. In them a rough sketch is all that is possible to any but very quick workers, and they are often fog-bound. Still, once the place was visited by a great marine artist. In 1909 Wyllie went there in the P. & O. *Vectis* and illustrated the book his wife wrote of the trip, *Norway and its Fjords*, a most interesting book on the subject. One of his coloured illustrations is of a scene from the head of Recherche Bay that has always remained in my mind as showing most truly what the Arctic can be like in a gentle mood.

The ideal way to study Spitsbergen would be for a party of artists, rock climbers, marine biologists, and bird observers to hire a yacht; not with a Solent crew though, it would be wiser to have an East of Scotland or a Norwegian one; and stay the whole month of July there. There would be ample to interest all of them, and they could live in the ship, for there is nowhere for them on shore, except tents. Also the great difficulty of supply would be overcome. The ship should carry three or four sailing dinghies with reliable outboard motors, if such a thing exists. Such an expedition could render good service to art and science if the weather was kind. And no rough seas need be feared, except about Bear Island, where there often is the class of trouble that affects a small ship. A useful addition to the crew would be an old sealer, and there are plenty in Tromsø, as pilot and weather guide, the more useful if he is kept short of brandy until Mount Misery is seen over the stern on the return journey.

This short sketch of Spitsbergen, the result of visits paid under varying conditions, would be incomplete without giving a thought as to why birds go to the farthest north for the most important time in their lives. Why does the Arctic Tern go there to nest? Why does the Bernacle only go to Spitsbergen and East Greenland?

Why do those thousands of small, delicate birds, such as the Blue Throated Arctic Warbler and the Phalaropes, not stay on the mainland of Norway rather than risk the dangerous passage to Lat. 78 °?

It may be that the birds remember what man has forgotten. That is, warm seas and warm sub-tropical land with a glorious vegetation such as can be seen now in Bermuda, on what we know as the frozen Pole. Seas and land just suited for breeding in, where life is no effort, so the young can grow strong before called on to face the great trial to bird life of migration.

That this is possible is proved by geologists who identify in the fossils and coal measures of the island forms that can only live in a warm climate. And we know that in the Tundras of Siberia mammoths have been taken out of the frozen soil actually in the flesh; these beasts were tropical, although they did adapt themselves to the slowly advancing cold of a glacial period. Therefore the two ice-caps of the world cannot have always been in their present positions, though astronomy says the earth must always have had its ice-caps somewhere. The Polar Sea, with its surrounding lands of Alaska, Arctic Canada, Greenland, Spitsbergen, Novaya Zemlya, and Northern Siberia, may have been then as the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico is now, a warm-water sea surrounded by land in the Spanish Main, Central America, Jamaica, Cuba, Haiti and San Domingo, and the Antilles. We think the North Polar regions are all ice, but it may be that under the ice is another Isle of Aves to give a resting-place to migrating birds. When Polar seas have been warm, and for thousands of years it was the chief breeding-place of many species of birds, the instinct to go there may have lasted until now, in spite of changed conditions. But what a nasty trick for Nature to play!

If this theory is accepted another proposition presents itself. Man was a contemporary of the mammoth; he must have been on those then warm beaches in some degree of development, not necessarily the lowest. Can it be that remains of him now lie under the fossil ice of the far northern lands, this is 40 feet to 60 feet thick in some places on Spitsbergen, and that if we found him some of the theories of the evolutionist would receive heavy blows? Just as the mammoth he may lie there, as he died thousands of years ago. Man, as we know him now, may not be the first man, and he may not be the last.

It is a coincidence that the ancients had a tradition of a race they called the Hyperborei, placed by Virgil under the North Pole,



which was said to be very long lived, and enjoyed a warm climate owing to the fact that their country was beyond the range of the wind Boreas. The sun was said to rise and set on them but once a year, which is somewhat near what happens now in high latitudes. Geology shows that this tradition is possibly founded on fact, even if no one can say now that Boreas does not afflict the Arctic regions. The 30 feet to 60 feet of fossil ice that now overlays so much of Spitsbergen and North-East Land may conceal in Hyperborean remains what is left on earth of a civilisation hitherto unconsidered by evolutionists, to confound accepted theories of the origin of Man.

### THE AIRWOMAN

*'A strong March gale was blowing when she crashed. They carried her to an inn called the "Travellers' Rest."'*

THE south wind whispers, but she does not hear.  
The west wind shouts, but still she does not wake.  
The east wind shrills, a keening cold with fear.  
The north wind weeps wild snow-tears for her sake.  
'Where is our comrade, fresh and strong as we?  
Roaming the hills and singing as we sing.  
Flying with outspread wings, O where is she,  
As beautiful as morning time in Spring?'

And then the four winds, north south east and west,  
Shake the inn casement, bidding her awake;  
But, on the journey that all travellers take,  
She has set out, in travelling garment drest.  
And, that which lies behind the casement bars  
Is not the traveller; she wanders free  
Above the wind-tossed trees, beyond the stars,  
The highest mountain peak, the farthest sea.

C. M. MALLET.

## 'LITTLE ARTHUR.'

A REMINISCENCE OF AN HISTORIAN.

BY J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

PUBLISHER'S 'Announcements' have for me an irresistible attraction, second only, perhaps, to the catalogues of second-hand book-sellers. Whatever the job in hand it is, I am afraid, put aside, if either of these tempters intrude into my study. Imagine then the thrill when I found among John Murray's 'Announcements' for February, 1936, the following :

## LITTLE ARTHUR'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY LADY CALLCOTT. *With Portraits and Illustrations.*

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. (February.)

CENTURY EDITION REVISED TO THE ACCESSION OF  
H.M. KING EDWARD VIII.

*For a hundred years this lovable book has been successfully on sale and, like another famous institution, is 'still running.' Time and improved knowledge, of course, have required modifications to be made in its judgments and statements ; but essentially it remains for our children and grandchildren the same good stimulating historical guide that it was for their fathers and mothers and grandparents to to the third and the fourth generations. Its Century coincided with the late King's Silver Jubilee and with its author's, Lady Callcott's, one hundred and fiftieth birthday, and it has been considerably revised and brought to the Accession of His Majesty King Edward the Eighth, with a memoir of her Ladyship added.*

*Little Arthur* not merely alive, but going strong and exalted to the rare dignity of a centenary edition ! Is it possible ? A septuagenarian may be forgiven for supposing that *Little Arthur*, like the rest of his childhood's friends, had long since passed away. Not a bit of it. Here is a little volume, which, as I learn from Mr. C. E. Lawrence's wholly delightful Introduction, was first published in August, 1835, and has since gone through seventy editions, comprising some 800,000 copies. Moreover, it is evidently destined to live for at least another century, for it has long since proved itself, like the Ionians of old, 'exempt from death and age for ever' (*Hymn to the Delian Apollo*).



Of the latest edition of this immortal work I shall say something presently. Meanwhile, I have searched for my original copy, but unfortunately in vain. I imagine that, like Mr. Lawrence's, it has been given by a dishonest donor, in the abused cause of Charity, to a local hospital, or has even been committed to the degradation of a jumble sale! Anyway, I cannot find it. I suppose I have not looked for it these sixty years or so. Yet how vivid is my memory of its binding, its woodcuts, the ambiguous design of the sceptre and sword, the crown and the scroll of *Magna Charta* (*sic*)—still happily retained on the title-page. I say nothing, for the moment, of the letterpress, but I am satisfied that it has left an indelible impression on my mind. I never had any doubt, until Mr. Lawrence with implacable dates dispelled the illusion, that the book had been specially written for the only 'Arthur' in whom I was personally interested. Not that *Little Arthur* was my first 'History' book, for I found, not long ago, in my library a sixpenny *Summary of English History* by Amelia B. Edwards, duly inscribed 'J. A. R. Marriott from his Papa' and dated less than three months after my birth! The little book must have lain unnoticed upon my shelves, as it has certainly remained unread, for more than seventy years; yet I cannot but admire the prescience of a parent, even if I must deplore his taste in historical literature.

It is fair to add that this curiously selected gift to the baby of ten weeks old was supplemented by others which to the critical children of to-day would, I fear, seem almost equally preposterous. Of one of them, it seems worth while, for a reason, to make mention. I was about ten years old when I first read Albany de Fonblanque's *How We Are Governed*. That book I still have; it is before me as I write. The sub-title describes it as *A Handbook of the Constitution, Government, Laws and Power of Great Britain*. The book is far from attractive, if not positively repellent, in format, style, and mode of presentation, but it laid hold on a little boy's imagination, and largely determined the whole tenor of his life. I read it again and again: the chapters dealing with the Constitution, the Queen, Parliament, the Cabinet, the Church, etc., I soon knew practically by heart. Not until—some ten years later—Walter Bagehot's *English Constitution* tended to displace it, did *How We Are Governed* cease to hold the first place in my intellectual affections. I cannot suppose that the readers of CORNHILL will be interested in a matter so purely personal as this: I mention it because it illustrates a thesis which I am fond of maintaining in discussions

on education. It is this: nobody can say what *will* attract and hold the attention of any given child. Were it practicable the best education for normal children would be to let them loose in a carefully—but not too carefully—selected library. Why a book which one must needs describe as a rather dull analysis of the British Constitution should have excited in a young boy's mind an interest in Political Institutions I still find it difficult to understand. But the fact remains; it led me to the study, the teaching, and writing of Constitutional History, and, later on, encouraged me to embark on an active political career. Arising from all this a practical suggestion emerges. Why should not the B.B.C. invite a number of eminent persons to discourse for twenty minutes apiece on the *one* book which more than any other has determined the course of their lives? I undertake to say that if the B.B.C. authorities selected a score of men, there would not be two who would mention the same book.

But to return—after an inexcusably prolonged parenthesis—to *Little Arthur*, and the latest edition of him. Incidentally, Mr. Lawrence's Introduction sets at rest the vexed question of authorship. The original Preface was signed M. C.—, and knowing people identified the initials as belonging to Miss Croker. Quite recently the authorship was confidently ascribed by a correspondent to *The Sunday Times* (whose correspondence columns solve many enigmas of this sort) to Mrs. Markham. Mrs. Penrose, who wrote over that dear familiar name, was the daughter of the Rev. Edmund Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, and she might, therefore, have claimed the 'C'; but her maiden name was Elizabeth, a fact which in view of her indubitable veracity ought to have warned off those who favoured her claims. As a fact *Little Arthur* was the work of Maria, the wife of Sir Augustus Wall Callcott, R.A., a well-known landscape painter in the first part of the nineteenth century. Maria was the daughter of one sailor and the wife of another. Her father was Rear-Admiral Dundas. Born in Cumberland in 1785, Maria Dundas, at the age of twenty-three, accompanied her father to India, and so, as Mr. Lawrence tells us, 'began her far travels over the Earth, visiting Asia, Europe and South America, and storing her mind with impressions and information which were to prove valuable to others, as well as to herself, when she came to write and to give advice to other aspirants in literature.' 'In all ways,' he adds, 'her life in its earlier years comprised an excellent apprenticeship to her subsequent trade in literature.'

In India, Maria Dundas met and in 1809 married Captain Thomas Graham of the Royal Navy; but he died at sea, off Cape Horn, in 1822, and his wife, who had sailed with him on his last voyage, stayed for a time in South America. Returning to Brazil after a brief sojourn at home, Mrs. Graham ultimately became governess to the daughter of Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. With more prudence than courage Don Pedro, in 1826, renounced the throne of Portugal, preferring, like his father John VI, the relative security of Rio de Janeiro. To which of the four daughters of the Emperor of Brazil Mrs. Graham imparted a knowledge of the niceties of the British Constitution I have not been able to ascertain. I cannot help hoping that it was the eldest, Maria, who became Queen of Portugal in 1826 and, as representing the Portuguese Constitutionalists against the Miguelists, played a not unimportant part in the diplomatic embroglios of that confused period. If my hope is well grounded, it brings the authoress of *Little Arthur* into the very heart of European politics, and connects her, not remotely, with Canning and Wellington and Palmerston.

Mrs. Graham herself was, however, more closely concerned with literature than with high politics, for while her husband was on half-pay she had eked out their scanty means by reading manuscripts for John Murray II. That kindly publisher introduced his attractive and interesting reader into the brilliant circle of which Albemarle Street was then the centre and thus enabled her, by contact with the luminaries of the literary world, to sharpen wits that were already bright and widen an experience that was far from narrow. In 1826 Mrs. Graham married again, her second husband being the artist Callcott, and in his artistic circle she played a happy part until her death in 1842. Her unfinished portrait by her friend Sir Thomas Lawrence hangs in the National Portrait Gallery and is reproduced in this century edition. *Little Arthur* first saw the light seven years before the death of the authoress, and soon became a general favourite.

To what does he owe his enduring popularity? First and foremost, undoubtedly, to the native endowments of the authoress, and to her extraordinarily varied experiences, naval, literary and artistic. Few women of her day can have had such a wide knowledge of the world, and that knowledge, though never obtruded, gave to her a sureness of touch and breadth of vision which are instinctively felt by every experienced reader.

But not for them was the book written. It is to the approba-

tion of babes and sucklings that the book owes its long life, and that was earned by the sympathy and skill which enabled the authoress to enter into the mind of the ordinary child. Childless herself, Lady Callcott loved children, and especially, we may be sure, the 'real little Arthur' for whose delectation, as she tells us, the book was primarily intended. And she loved her country, the country to which her little readers were so fortunate as to belong. That also is clear. There is, indeed, no vulgar drum-beating or flag-waving; but none the less the whole book is infused by an ardent if restrained patriotism. To teach the 'love of our Country' seemed to Lady Callcott to be 'almost a religious duty.' Nor does she omit a warning, wise and needful at any time, and particularly pertinent to the circumstances of the hour. 'Let no one fear,' she writes, 'that to cultivate patriotism is to make men illiberal in feeling towards mankind in general. Is any man the worse citizen for being a good son or brother, or father or husband? I am indeed persuaded that the well-grounded love of our own country is the best security for that enlightened philanthropy which is aimed at as the perfection of moral education.'

But this is getting into the high altitudes of a Preface meant for parents. Let us get into the lowlier regions of a text meant evidently to be read to, rather than by, young children. My own first acquaintance with the book was, I feel sure, made through the ear, not the eye, and that, perhaps, is the reason why the 'embellishments in wood' seem still so familiar, though only six out of nearly fifty in the present edition were in the first. I wish Mr. Lawrence had indicated which did in fact appear in the first and earlier editions. But Alfred leaning on his mother's knee and learning to read was, I am certain, one of them; so were Alfred in the cowherd's hut, and Alfred building his Navy, and King Edward being stabbed by order of the wicked stepmother Queen Elfrida, and William rallying the Normans at Hastings, and the death of the little Princes in the Tower, and perhaps—But I have exhausted my six and in fact the rest of the forty-two do not somehow 'come home to me.'

Evidently such a book as this is not to be judged by modern critical standards; but as far as I can see there is nothing *wrong* in it, nothing which may not be taught as sufficiently accurate to the children of tender years for whom Lady Callcott wrote. The book as she wrote it ended with the death of George III, which occurred when the authoress was nearing forty. To go beyond

1820 was evidently felt by her not to be quite 'safe.' Well, in my own undergraduate days, and for some time afterwards, 'History' stopped abruptly, alike for England and for Europe, with the battle of Waterloo. Beyond that it was deemed unsafe to let young men stray: they would be getting into 'Politics.' I thought the prohibition nonsense then; still more am I now convinced of its absurdity. Grote could tincture the history of ancient Greece with his own radical partisanship quite as easily as I can read (or write) the history of the last half-century through Tory spectacles. I will wager that any impartial critic in the future (should my books haply have a future) will say that I have drawn a far less distorted portrait of Gladstone, whom I remember in the flesh, and was brought up to regard as a 'Jesuit,' than Macaulay drew of Strafford, who died two centuries before Macaulay wrote. Remote-ness has little to do with impartiality or prejudice. Nevertheless, Lady Callcott was perhaps prudent to end her narrative at 1820. Later hands have, however, been able with entire propriety to carry it on to the death of King George V, and the accession of King Edward VIII. There is mention, too, of the 'darling of the nation' who may some day be Queen Elizabeth II. And the 'embellishments' also (though not 'in wood') are brought up to date with the 'Silver Jubilee Train,' 'A 1936 Model' (needless to say of one of the modern engines of destruction!), and, as a frontispiece, a photograph of King Edward VIII. So the continuators have not hesitated to step in where Lady Callcott perhaps would have feared to tread. Yet I fancy that she would have moved with the times. There is nothing which suggests old fogeydom in her treatment, nor, indeed, anything which irretrievably dates her work. So may *Little Arthur*, like Peter Pan, never grow old, and, on its sound foundation, may the politicians and historians, and ordinary citizens of the future, build their modern edifices, contributing, in their several ways, to the stability and safety of the Commonwealth. Lady Callcott's aspiration would doubtless have been differently expressed. 'Our own country' and love of it inspired her pen: but she would, I am confident, have been the first to welcome the growth of the younger nations, who have come to the birth and grown to manhood since *Little Arthur* first saw the light,—the 'daughters no more but sisters, and doubly daughters so,'—that, with the old mother, now make up the British Commonwealth of Nations.

## THEFT IN CAMELOT.

BY WINIFRED F. PECK.

'Yes, I am a criminal,' said Charles Channing. 'I have not committed murder or arson, nor any of those crimes which maiden aunts love to discuss nowadays, but I have deliberately been guilty of theft. I observe, let me add, that you haven't turned a hair!'

'White hairs don't turn easily,' said Mrs. Gerald, placidly pre-occupied with her *petit point*. 'But do tell me your story. I am quite safe.'

'It begins down there,' said Charles, pointing to the wide valley of Camelot, which lay beneath the big window on the terrace where they were sitting. Here the air was clear and golden: a dark yew-tree brooded over the last sprays of silver-white honesty, and a robin was singing on the parapet above the purple and bronze heads of the last dahlias. Down below, white mists clung to the river and meadows, but from the mists and wreaths of blue smoke from the little city, the great spires of Layle Cathedral rose triumphantly into the last gleam of sunshine. 'And it begins about thirty-five years ago when I was a schoolboy at the Layle Choir School.'

'You saw its New Buildings yesterday and tried to make me sentimental over the past, but I won't be. I'm sure that I wasn't nearly as happy in the medieval buildings where we learnt Latin syntax and forgot how to wash as the children of to-day in their nice hygienic sanatorium on the hill. Still our lives had their advantages, and when work was over we had the freedom of the town instead of refighting Waterloo or Crecy on those dreary football fields. And to me, as to many others, the Court of the Clerks Choral was a sanctuary in our hours of leisure.'

'You must come with me to see the foundation of the Clerks to-morrow. It is the most perfect thing in a perfect city, I think. It was Henry II who granted the land and money first to build a home for lay clerks "whose voices should rise perpetually in praise to God." I always imagined it was a sly revenge on his part for all he had suffered over St. Thomas at Canterbury. For the Clerks Choral were given complete independence of Bishops,



secular lords, Dean and Chapter alike, and by bribing Thomas Cromwell with their plate at the Reformation they kept their charter and their independence; to this day any choirman who is elected to the body has a right to one of those little houses and to sing in the choir till he expires of old age or the ill-wishing of the organist or Chapter. Their President is elected by the body: they alone are responsible for their finances and the repairs of their building. The tiny Chapel is a fourteenth-century gem; the little hall goes back to Queen Elizabeth's day, and the small houses which make up the miniature close were completely rebuilt in the year 1714. The oldest part is the Library over the archway from the Cathedral close and the two tiny rooms above it. I always felt a sense of mystery when I ran out of the broad grass close in the sunshine into that little narrow passage court-way under the arch. It was like some strange sea-cavern, with the begonias and jasmine and pentstemons in each little front-garden for strange sea flowers, and the old men behind their old windows in the little old houses were like those old sailors' ships you see enclosed so mysteriously in green glass bottles. Every other door in the Court was open in welcome to us little choir-boys, and the wizened old men loved to ply us with cakes and ginger-beer as they gossiped over the last service or the organist's sad preference for Wesley in F and the cracking notes of our crack soloist. I myself was lucky enough to become the protégé and friend of old Martin Pender, the President of the Clerks Choral. He had admired my father both as a clergyman and antiquarian and he had a use for me.

'Pender was indeed a remarkable young fellow of some seventy summers, with a voice like Wotan with a cold in his chest. He had retired from his job as assistant Librarian when he was elected to dedicate himself to his Community. It was a risky experiment, as the Community was small for so large a figure, morally and physically, but he had his work cut out for him. He had always determined, if he won office, to rescue and restore the Library.

'Up to the end of last century the Clerks had not, I imagine, been men of any education. They had bought music and rebound psalters, but they had never read in or out of the Library. Up there mice and the damp had had pretty well their own way for a hundred years, and in all its history the books had never been catalogued. Pender had no Latin and little history, but he was determined to make up for the carelessness of his predecessors.

" "You must get an expert down at once to look through your

papers and Charters, and another to catalogue the books. There may be a lot of treasures shut up here," said my father on a tour of inspection.

"Can't afford it" said old Pender, shaking his pendulous red cheeks and long white whiskers like a head-strong old walrus. "We Clerks must do all the preliminary work ourselves; your youngster can lend us a hand."

"He doesn't know much. Don't you get enough from the tourists who have to fork out a shilling apiece?"

"And well worth it," retorted Pender. "Why for that they see the Chapel and Hall and interior of my room, and they go through the Library up the stair, and we tell them about the Clerk who found the secret cupboard there in George III's reign, by stumbling up in his cups, thinking it his own room, till he fell over and released the catch, and there was the cupboard and the silver candlesticks we use in the Hall. I call that a good bob's worth! But it's all needed for the repairs of the structure, and it's only right we should do our own dirty work of sorting and tidying before we get a great man down."

"My father read me a lecture on the risk to the Library of being in the charge of a man like Pender who hardly knew the difference between a George III Prayer-book and a fourteenth-century Missal. I felt very grand and grown-up as we shook our heads together over his folly, and I fancy from the first I felt a vocation as watch-dog over the Library. Anyhow, I loved to go there. I'd grown up in the atmosphere of dusty folios and I loved reading of any sort or kind, even if I loved still better the high-tea with Pender which followed, of sausages and mashed potatoes and home-made jelly from the mulberry-tree which darkened half the side of the Court. The books and charters and papers of every kind had all been tumbled out by Pender's orders on to three long trestle tables down the window, and each old man who came in did his own bit of work in his own way, and never put anything back into the shelves, so that it looked as if it would be a very original catalogue when all were done! I just browsed there happily, reading scraps of old histories or account books, or finger-ing Books of Hours with tiny, absurd lions and angels and virgins, drawn by chill, deft, monkish figures in the cloisters of the old Abbey.

'And so, as Fate would have it, I was sitting there one afternoon when the door opened suddenly and old Pender ushered two Americans into the room. You must imagine, in a misty spring



twilight, a guilty little schoolboy poring over the loose sheets of a manuscript he had discovered in a dull book of eighteenth-century sermons. The lamp-lighter had just put his fairy wand up the old lantern which hung from the archway, and I was holding up to its gleam a picture of a moated castle, where knights with elaborate waists and long, spurred slippers pranced on their little horses, in view of the ladies whose wreathed heads peered out from every turret window. It might, I told myself wisely, be part of some incredibly early and valuable Caxton of the Mort d'Arthur, and I felt some annoyance at being interrupted cavalierly.

"Here, Charlie, my boy, take this lady and gentleman up the tower," Pender said. "I must go back to finish touring the Hall with a party. They're in a hurry."

"So many Americans came to Layle, for even forty years ago we recognised it a good thing to call in the New World to redress the bank balance of the Old, that I might never have noticed this couple if the man had not had the distinction of being one of the ugliest, and the woman one of the most beautiful, visions I had ever seen. He was big and sallow and grey and square all over, square shoes, square shoulders, square face, and even his nose was fitted out with square nostrils which enclosed it into a neat box.

"Not for this baby, no sir," said the square man, smiling at his wife. "I've had enough Gothic buildings without elevators for one day. Your old Cathedral Tower's just about done me in, Dinky!"

"Oh but we must see the Secret Hole the guide-book said was located right here," pouted Dinky. (Yes, she really pouted and was really beautiful, though, dazzled as I was, I was pedant enough to cudgel my brains as to what Christian, or indeed heathen name, could conceivably be abbreviated to 'Dinky.') "Come on, Mr. Charlie, and give me a little peep to myself if Pops there is too lazy."

"What was I to do? What would any boy have done? I had no reason to suspect these strangers. I took the precaution of carrying my Caxton sheets upstairs with me (only they'd nothing to do with Caxton, said the expert later). Up the stairs I clattered with Dinky, and as we reached the little low room, with its vast beams and smell of dust and forgotten apples, she pressed half a crown into my hand. Then she had to see the cute little secret Chamber and learn how the spring worked, and look out of the narrow lattice window at the great white magnolia-tree glimmering

out of the white mists in the Dean's garden. And then she chattered about her husband, Binley K. Dormant, and how he was just crazy about England, and specially this part of England, because his ancestors had come from it thousands of years ago. So that it was more than ten minutes before we got down to the Library again, and there was Mr. Dormant quite alone amidst all our treasures, while old Pender's voice droned on still to the other tourists in the Hall below.

'I looked suspiciously at Mr. Dormant. His square body looked to me squarer than ever, and I felt certain that his pockets were bulging with valuable papers. I had, I may own, no earthly reason at first for my suspicions, save the unconscious, unconvincing certainty that no one so ugly had any right to have married Dinky. Then I glanced at the table, and with something of a scholar's instinct I felt convinced that my papers had been moved. The pile before my place was smaller, those old rolled Charters had surely been moved to one side: there was certainly a gap in the shelves opposite my seat. I was sure Binley K. Dormant had touched or moved my things, and yet, how was I to accuse him? I had wild thoughts of whistling for the police or ordering his hands up, but all I found myself asking, in a meek, mouse-like squeak was:

"Please, sir, have you moved anything?"

"Not a thing, my boy," said Mr. Dormant, grinning at me hatefully. "Come on, Dinky. I'm through here!"

'So off they went scot-free. And when I ran downstairs to rant to old Pender, I got no sympathy. The American was a real gentleman and had given ten shillings to the Fabric Fund. What would he want with old papers and nothing else was lying about? I was getting fanciful over my books, and I'd best come in and have a good drink of cocoa and not read so many silly adventure stories.

'Well, I obeyed him and I enjoyed the cocoa. But never for a moment did I doubt that Mr. Binley K. Dormant had picked up one of our treasures.

'And now my story, you'll be glad to hear, skips some twenty years. The episode had, I suppose, faded entirely from my mind, in the sense that these childish memories do fade. They're put away like one's toys into forgotten lumber chests, and yet, if a chance word or sound or touch recalls them, they reappear, as fresh and real and clear as ever. But I don't suppose I ever thought of the Library or of Layle save in dreams, or in vague chat with some

old school friend, till the afternoon when I stood in the large drawing-room of the magnificent Louis Heaven-knows-which period of the Rockblowers on Long Island in the year 1915. I had been wounded in France, you may remember, and sent out to America on a secret Government Mission. I was in that prime of life one only realises when one has waved death away, and in the centre of my career, and a thousand miles in thought and time as well as space from that grubby little schoolboy of Layle, when I heard a voice behind me :

“ See, there’s darling Dinky ? Isn’t she just the most perfectly marvellous survival you ever saw in that wonder frock ? ”

‘ It was that name, Dinky, which made that afternoon over those old books leap out of my memory as vividly as if twenty years had vanished.

‘ And after those years Dinky was, indeed, a very beautiful woman still. Some women keep off age at arm’s length with a whole armoury of cosmetics : others accept it and use it as yet another weapon of their charm. Dinky belonged to the latter class. Every line in her face and every added pound to her figure only seemed to have made her more perfect. She was adorable, but years hadn’t done as much for Binley K. Dormant who was entering the room behind her. He was square no longer but a rhomboid of fat, and fat and wealth and self-satisfaction exuded from him at every pore. An American cad is as bad a bit of work as an American gentleman is a fine one, and Binley K. Dormant in his tuxedo was a perfect specimen of the cad order.

‘ I was introduced to them at once, and to say they took an immediate fancy to me is no violation of my natural modesty. For though Mr. Dormant was sunk in fat, and Dinky, to tell the truth, little more intelligent than an animated statue, they shared one point of romance in common. They were both Anglo-maniacs, profound, religious Anglo-maniacs, and owing to the War they had been suffering from Anglo-starvation for months. Their fanaticism was just not profound enough to make them risk death by submarine to visit their old haunts, and the stream of English visitors to America had dried up lamentably for the same reason. So they welcomed me with plump open arms, and, until my Mission was safely accomplished, the greater part of my stay in the States was a nervous effort to avoid their hospitality.

‘ I did try to avoid it, though I got real pleasure out of watching Dinky—the only American woman I’ve ever known who took her

beauty placidly and serenely, and I got a good deal of private amusement out of listening to Binley K. Dormant's accounts of his travels, when I had to succumb and visit them in their pseudo-pseudo Tudor manor. He knew, I need hardly tell you, far more about England than I did. Heavens! how many times I lied as I assured them that I remembered perfectly the crypt under St. Peter's in the East, and the Van der Meers at Windsor, and the Toby jug in Anne Hathaway's Cottage! But what annoyed me out of reason was Binley's trick of telling me his scores over English guides and vergers, and his way of viewing the Old World, my world, tortured and agonised far away, as a mere playground for God's children. Worst of all was the way he'd get up and pad heavily to his cabinets to show me some memento he had "picked up last time he crossed." It wasn't only that I found the mementoes faked and boring. It was even more the profound conviction that the old villain had in very truth picked up many of his souvenirs without bothering to pay for them. Frankly I didn't believe that the butler at This-and-That Castle had really given him the little piece of Cloisonné ware, or that the Lady So-and-So had pressed a miniature upon him, any more than I believed his collection of spoons and face towels from various steamers had been presented by different Companies. His reputation in financial circles was very low, and I was morally certain that all his life Binley had picked up goods, as he wanted them, as best he could. And my assurance became doubly sure on the night that he began to talk about Layle.

'I had kept him off Siltshire as long as I could, for I did not want that part of the world, which is to me for ever England, to be soiled by the old sinner's reminiscences, but it was, unluckily, the part on which his own thoughts were centred. "For, my boy, it's that locality from which my ancestors fetched up," he assured me several times. "Dormant, you see, comes from a Latin word meaning sleep they tell me, only yours truly has learnt to be wide-awake enough on this side of the Atlantic. But there were Dormants in Siltshire before the Conquest—why, before the Romans they tell me. I'll just show you"—he padded heavily to his cabinet—"this copy of an inscription on a grave in Wentspring Churchyard—Habbakuk Dormant you see, eh? And his wife, Eliza."

"Now, Silas, dear, you leave all these papers of yours put," interposed Dinky. "Once he begins on his Dormants he's never done, Mr. Channing!"

"But I'd like to have a look at these," I said as my eyes fell on the mass of old papers which the descendant of Habbakuk was shovelling out on to the table with the cocktails.

"Yes, you come right here, Mr. Channing. They'll mean more to you than they do to me. I've not had the time in my life to get the sort of education you've had. I was sweeping out an office when you were an undergraduate at Eton College and I'm not ashamed of it. But you run through my collection any time you like. Very old some of the papers are—there's Latin here and Greek for all I know—real antiques. Some day I'll get a real swell Harvard scholar to go through them all. What's that? The telephone? Just you take a look if you'll excuse me, Mr. Channing. There's plenty more where that came from."

'Dinky was sitting with her marvellous back to me in a high Venetian chair, as I strolled to the cabinet. She never looked up from her embroidery as I pulled out the papers idly. Nor did she stir when I was betrayed into a sudden exclamation. For there among the papers lay a roll with a seal attached to it, and even by the light of the shaded lamps I could read in crabbed, dimmed script enough to excite my worst suspicions. "Edwardus, dei gratia, rex—" I made out, skipping through his titles to England, Wales, Scotland and France—"here by royal letter was communicating with his good servants—'Cantoribus Saeculis' of the Cathedral of Our Blessed Lady and St. Andrew in urbe Lavici . . ."

'But I am growing verbose, my dear. You have guessed already what happened next. There, in the presence of Dinky, I violated the laws of hospitality, and sank to the level of a common thief. With the memory of that afternoon in the Choir School thirty years ago so vivid in my mind that I could hear the sound of the organ again, and the click of the lamp-lighter below the archway; red hot with passion at the thought of Dormant and his fellows exploiting my own countryside, I picked up that Charter and put it in my pocket. Dinky, of course, noticed nothing. Binley found me putting the papers together in the drawer busily without one glance of suspicion. (I believe that thieves are notoriously unsuspicious.) Yes, my dear, I picked it up and pocketed it. I stole it. And then I went home without one pang of shame or self-reproach and on that same evening I found a letter awaiting me with my recall to England.

'It wasn't till I was on board that I found time to look at my booty again. One was glad of some distraction on a voyage in those days of submarines, and it amused me to settle down to the document in my cabin one night, wondering how much or little of my old hobby of palæography was left to me after years of disuse. As I took it out I felt, I assure you, no qualms or repentance at all. I had sent Dinky the prescribed three dozen American beauties, and I felt I had overpaid the Dormants for their hospitality. I was not a thief, but a policeman who had tracked down a criminal; a detective, a royal agent who was conveying a bit of stolen property back to its home again.

'An hour later I was walking up and down the deck in a turmoil of consternation and self-reproach and bewilderment. My mediaeval Latin had proved to be only too reliable. The purport of the Charter was only too clear. In it Edward III was confirming to his faithful servant, John Dormant, the right to hold the manor of Bury-on-Mead from the Clerks Choral of Layle for himself and for his heirs in perpetuity.

'You see the predicament I was in. On the one hand of course it was possible, even probable, that Binley had indeed originally stolen the Charter from the Library without the least idea that there was any mention of his family in it. Yet even so, as a fact, this Charter was not, by rights, the property of the School. It belonged to the family of Dormant wherever they might be, and as far as I knew they might have died down but for this one unhealthy unattractive branch in America. It was even possible that this was an original family document, the pride and token of Binley, the last of the family. He might have inherited it, though it seemed unbelievable. Some antiquarian might have dug it out for him. He might have studied it and had it translated for him. It might be the brightest jewel of his overheated, crowded, pseudo-Tudor manor. Even now detectives might be scouring the States in search of it. Obviously it was my duty to return it. Obviously I must not shrink from the ignominy of confessing myself a thief. But it was in the presentation of my one excuse for the action that the difficulty arose. How could I confess to Binley and still worse to Dinky, that I had felt the action justified simply because I was convinced that it was a thief whom I had set myself to catch, that I had stolen it from Binley simply because I was so sure that he himself had stolen it from the Choir School? In my mind rang that saying in *King Lear*, "Change places, and, handy dandy,

which is the justice, which is the thief?" What was I to do, Patience, what was I to do?"

'Well, Charles, what did you do?' asked Mrs. Gerald, sitting with her embroidery on her knee now, for the light had faded, and the Cathedral bells were chiming down in the mists of the valley—'Oh Lord our God, Be Thou our Guide, And keep our footsteps, Lest they slide!' sang the bells. 'And what did you do, Charles?' she repeated, smiling at the back-slider.

'Nothing, my dear!' Charles recollected himself and started back from his dreams of the past. 'The decision was taken from me. For you see the ship on which I was sailing home was the *Lusitania*, and three hours later the document which belonged either to the Clerks Choral of Layle or the last Dormant of Siltshire was lying at the bottom of the Atlantic. I could do nothing about it. I could not tell the Dormants of a loss they were too illiterate ever to discover: I could not tell the Clerks Choral how the document might have come home to roost at last. Unknown deep-sea monsters and the Atlantic cable are the last receivers of that twice-stolen piece of goods from Camelot.'



*JUVENTAS JACTATA.*

SAID the fly to his friend : ' Is it fair  
That in envious pique at our pride  
As we gambol so gaily in air  
In a manner to them long denied  
All the ancients should sweep us aside,  
Should deride

The great present to which we belong ?  
They are petulant, crabbed, and forgot,  
On the landscape a blot,  
They are every known thing we are not ;  
We are swift, we are sunned, we are strong,  
We are young, and to Youth is our song,  
And we buzz and we throng—  
Is it wrong ? '

And his friend said : ' But why should we care ?  
Do they stupidly think  
They can cause us to shrink  
And then, beautiful, dutiful, sink  
To a static repose on a chair ?  
All the past is no more than decay  
And a snare,

And the future is fey ;  
It is we who are golden To-day.  
They can never be wise and aware  
Not a thing is beyond what we dare  
With a pish for their " reverence " rare  
And a pooh for their quaint old " obey " ;  
So to each disapprover we say,  
With a smile for a stare,  
" Fossil fragment, we go our young way. " '



II.

Said the fly to his flame: 'Is it just  
When we sport with you simply as boys  
To describe our sex-longings as lust?  
I have heard of a murmured disgust  
At our sipping the jam and the joys!  
But does Man choose unchangeable toys?

Why should anyone stay  
For the whole of a day  
As if held to the heart of a flower?  
Is not Cupid the god of an hour?

We have power:  
Were our wings made to rust?—  
And what is all this talk about "trust"?'  
And his flame said: 'We do as we must:  
Should we humble ourselves in the dust,  
Do a piece of repentance, forsooth,  
As if joy were all ended and sour?

We are Youth!  
We have learnt how to live, that is, play;  
We have poise:

We love speed, we love crowds, we love noise—  
There is no place where we cannot go,  
There is nothing that we may not show,  
There is nothing that we do not know,  
There is nothing that we may not do,  
There is nothing that we cannot say;  
We are free, all the world is our way;  
It is ours, this joy of To-day,  
And of all things one only is true—  
We are new!'

GORELL.

## TENNYSON PAPERS.

## IV. THE MAKING OF 'THE PRINCESS.'

BY CHARLES TENNYSON.

THE extant MSS. of *The Princess* throw an extremely interesting light upon Tennyson's method of composition at the zenith of his powers.

It is not recorded (as it is for example in regard to 'Aylmer's Field') that this poem gave him any extraordinary amount of trouble, and one may, I think, therefore assume that the story of its gradual evolution prior to publication is fairly typical of the poet's methods.

*The Princess* was considerably altered after first publication, a good deal more so, I think, than any other major poem of Tennyson's. The first edition was issued in 1847; this, however, did not contain the six famous songs (undoubtedly now the most admired feature of the whole) which were not included till the third edition (1850), while the much-criticised passages relating to the 'weird seizures' of the Prince were not added till 1851. Other minor changes were also made in these editions and in the second, which appeared in 1848. These facts are, of course, well known, but the complete story, as illustrated by the MS. evidence, has not yet been told.

I have had access to two extensive MSS. and some additional MS. fragments of the poem. The two major MSS. I will call 'A' and 'B' for convenience of reference, and I will refer to the final version of the poem, as now included in the collected edition, by the letter 'F.'

I do not propose to make any further reference to the intermediate printed editions, since any student can make the comparison between the published versions himself, and to do so here would involve unnecessary complication.

The earliest MS 'A,' is in a curious, long, narrow notebook about 8½ inches by 3, of the type which Fitzgerald used to call the 'Butcher's Books.' This contains on the first page the first 28 lines of the 'Gardener's Daughter,' in a version practically identical with that published in 1842. The 'Gardener's Daughter' was, according to Hallam Tennyson, written at Cambridge and

corrected in Spedding's chambers at Lincoln's Inn. The long notebook differs from any of the Cambridge period which I have seen. As to the date of *The Princess* MS. which it contains, Hallam Tennyson says that the poet talked over the plan of the poem with his future wife in 1839, when the project of a women's college was in his mind, and he further says that the first idea of the poem may have arisen in its mock heroic form from a Cambridge joke. This seems very probable, from the strongly Cambridge flavour of the prologue and epilogue, five of the characters in which are young men on vacation from the University. This Cambridge flavour is emphasised by some hitherto unpublished passages, which I shall quote later.

MS. 'A' covers the first section of the poem (after the Prologue). It is beautifully written, without corrections, and was evidently a fair copy; the following pages of the notebook have been torn out, no doubt for use as pipe lighters by the poet, so it is impossible to say whether the original MS. covered any more of the poem. In any case, it is probable that the writing out of 'A' was preceded by rough copies and the composition of isolated fragments of the story, according to Tennyson's usual procedure.

The MS. follows immediately on the fragment of the 'Gardener's Daughter,' the handwriting being exactly similar; it seems evident, therefore, that it was actually written down some time before 1842, the 'Gardener's Daughter' having been actually completed at Cambridge and this not being a final revision, and it seems probable, therefore, that Tennyson began work on *The Princess* certainly not later than 1839—eight years before publication—and it may be several years earlier.

MS. 'A,' which is entitled 'The New University,' covers the first section of the poem in 134 lines. MS. 'B,' which I will describe in more detail later, takes 158, and the published version 'F' 221 lines to cover the same ground. MS. 'A,' however, contains lines which disappear from the later versions.

One interesting passage, for example, occurs first in 'A,' is expanded in 'B,' varied in the first edition and omitted from 'F.' It describes the first arrival of the Prince and his friends in the evening at the town, near which the women's college is situated. In 'A' the lines run:

## I

Set out again with both my friends and came  
With the first owl upon a town that stood etc.

In 'B' this becomes :

at last

Came, the first fern owl whirring in the copse,  
Upon a little town etc.

The first edition has :

When the first fern owl whirred about the copse,  
and then the owl disappears altogether.

The second MS. 'B' is contained in a series of notebooks, about 6 inches by 8, bound in marbled paper with calf backs and corners; these seem to have been bought in London, probably at the same time and place; some of them bear the name on a gummed label, 'S. Limbird, 143, Strand, near Somerset House, London. The Mirror Office.' Probably the books were bought when Tennyson was working in Spedding's chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The first five sections of the poem are all in one book, another contains the sixth section and fragments of the last, another contains a version of the Prologue, with some isolated passages from the fifth and last sections, which appear to have been jotted down before it. Finally, there is a book which contains what may be called a 'layout' of the whole poem, the general nature of the sections being indicated by titles such as 'The College,' 'The Tournament,' and prefaced by short introductions, describing the particular member of Sir Walter Vivian's house party, who is supposed to tell the story contained in the section. In addition to these notebooks, there are a few loose sheets containing fragments, which are evidently subsequent revisions of the text.

Edward Fitzgerald, writing to Frederick Tennyson, says that he saw Alfred in May, 1845, and speaks of his having 200 lines of a new poem in a 'Butcher's Book.' It is possible that he had seen MS. 'A,' for the reference to 200 lines is certainly suggestive of the 134 lines of 'A.' Moreover, I cannot trace another 'Butcher's Book' MS. of *The Princess*. On the whole, however, I think Fitzgerald must have seen some later version. MS. 'A' seems to me, for the reasons already given, to be much earlier in date than 1845 and I do not think Tennyson would have kept 130 lines of a new poem for five or six years without working on them. MS. 'A' was succeeded by MS. 'B' and there must have been a MS. later than 'B' and this was probably what Fitzgerald saw.

The version of the first six sections in 'B' is a continuous and careful first copy. Speaking generally, this version strengthens, enriches and variegates the texture of 'A' where the two cover the same ground, and this process is carried still further in 'F,' the published version. 'B,' moreover, like 'A,' contains interesting passages which were omitted from 'F,' not appearing even in the first edition. As an example I will quote one which occurs in Book V where the Prince uses a wonderfully forcible simile, in describing Ida's indignation at the discovery of himself and his two friends in the college :

Had you seen her  
The yesternight, when rushing on extremes  
She laid her black mane on her snowy neck  
And neigh'd defiance at mankind !

No doubt the poet thought the simile too grotesque, especially in the mouth of the Princess's lover, and no doubt he was right, but a less fastidious taste may regret the omission of the lines.

Of course many passages appear in the published version, which were neither in 'A' nor 'B,' and amongst these are some of the most effective passages of the whole poem. As examples, may be quoted from Section I :

And still I wore her picture next my heart  
*And one dark tress : and all around them both*  
*Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their Queen.*

His name was Gama ; cracked and small his voice,  
But bland his smile *that like a wrinkling wind*  
*On glassy water drove his cheek in lines.*

he seemed to slur  
*With garrulous ease and oily courtesies*  
Our formal compact.

In regard to Arac, one admirable line is added in Book V, describing his charge in the tournament upon the luckless Prince :

But that large moulded man  
*His visage, all agrin as at a wake,*  
Made at me through the press.

As will be seen, each of these additions was a marked improve-

ment, and the same can be said almost invariably of the changes made in the successive stages of the poem, even though these included the omission of striking passages from the MS. versions. These may have been excellent in themselves, but the poet's instinct felt that they were unsuited to their context, and he sacrificed them ruthlessly.

Nowhere is the process of gradual fortification more striking than in the case of the giant Arac, whose speeches are most skillfully built up by added touches, till they reach the grotesque yet genial grimness of the published version. His very name is an example. This is 'Eric' in 'A' and 'B,' a name infinitely inferior and definitely national, whereas 'Arac' suggests connection with no known country and so preserves the timeless and placeless atmosphere which was necessary, if the verisimilitude of the story was to be preserved. A similar change is made in regard to place names. In 'A' and 'B' the Prince's country is called 'Alibey.' In 'F' no name is mentioned of either country or town, and thus again the necessary atmosphere of isolation is preserved.

So far I have dealt only with the MS. of the actual narrative part of the poem. As I have said, the first six sections in 'B' are continuous and form a complete version of the story, so far as they cover it. The seventh section is only represented by fragments jotted down in the note-book which contains Section VI, and following the sequence of the section as ultimately completed. Apparently Tennyson thought and worked out the first six sections first, leaving the last till the end. This is remarkable, as it seems probable from the existence of MS. 'A,' which is a fair copy of an earlier version of the first section, that each of the first six sections went through a good many stages before they reached the form given to them in 'B.' Moreover, the existence of the isolated later fragments show that many passages were again passed through one or more stages of revision before being included in the final MS. that went to the printer.

The version of the Prologue which occurs in 'B,' is included in a separate notebook with some isolated fragments of the fifth and last sections; this suggests, as the known date (after 1842) of their composition does also, that the modern setting of the poem was an afterthought.

The 'B' version differs greatly in detail from that in the published poem, showing that 'B' is an early draft, though it probably had forerunners as it is mostly a fair copy. One interesting



variation occurs in the description of the men's College (obviously Trinity) in winter. 'F' has here:

For while our cloisters echoed frosty feet,  
And our long walks were stript as bare as brooms,  
We did but talk you over etc.

'B' reads for the first two lines:

For while our cloisters echoed studious feet  
And our long walks stuck up as bare as brooms etc.

Here in the final version 'frosty' is a great improvement on 'studious,' but the phrase 'stuck up as bare as brooms' is a more vivid description of Trinity Avenue in winter than is the final version; probably Tennyson thought the first phrase would be obscure to readers who did not know that the 'walks' are avenues of trees.

Another good line, afterwards omitted, occurs in 'B,' describing the undergraduates' holiday tutor. Here 'F' has:

Never man, I think,  
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he.

'B' has a line, obviously reminiscent of Lincolnshire days:

No churchman deep in a neglected fen  
So moulders etc.

With the exception of the above, the variations in 'B' are not of sufficient interest to justify quotation, being in general inferior to the final version.

This version, as it appears in the collected works, was considerably developed after first publication, the intervention of Lilia at the end of Section IV having been first added in the third edition in 1850, while the 'Conclusion' was largely expanded in the fourth edition of 1851.

There is no doubt that the addition and gradual expansion of the Prologue and Epilogue were intended to relate the poem more closely to the then present age, one of the chief problems of which it was meant to illustrate. The poet, by making the story an admitted fiction and one carried out by the young people in Sir Walter's house-party, as a 'tale from mouth to mouth,' meant to mitigate the effect of unreality, which he feared might be caused by dealing with an essentially modern problem in an antique setting.

It is evident from the MSS. that Tennyson thought of carrying the idea still further and putting each section of the poem into the mouth of a different narrator. This idea he, no doubt, abandoned because he felt that it would interrupt the narrative too much and rob it of continuity and force. The first Section is given to Walter Vivian's friend, who describes the house-party in the Prologue. The second is told by Walter Vivian, the preface to this section running as follows:

I said my say, when Walter with a glance  
At Lilia, meditating malice, took  
The person of the Prince; but months have gone,  
I can but give the substance not the words.

Then follows the description of the College, Walter's malice being no doubt alleged as a justification for the touch of mockery in the description.

The Preface to Section III runs:

The third that spoke, tho' steersman of our boat  
At College, feared to steer the tale and cried  
Against it—nothing could be done—but urged  
By common voice continued as he might.

The introducers of Sections IV and VII are clearly Cambridge portraits, though I can make no suggestion as to the originals:

The Preface to Section V is a version of the Lilia interlude, which was afterwards incorporated in the published poem to form the conclusion of Section IV. It is so near to the final version that I will not quote it.

The speaker of Section VI is of special interest and I will quote it, though it has been printed before,<sup>1</sup> since it is obviously in some degree a portrait of Tennyson himself.

The next that spoke was Arthur Arundel  
The poet: rough his hair but fine to feel  
And dark his skin but softer than a babe's,  
And large his hands as of the plastic kind,  
And early furrows in his face he had:  
Small were his themes—low builds the nightingale—  
But promised more: and mellow was his voice,  
He pitched it like a pipe to all he would:  
And thus he brought our story back to life.

<sup>1</sup> See *Nineteenth Century and After*, May, 1931, p. 634.

Rough hair, dark skin and facial furrows are all familiar from Tennyson's portrait by Samuel Laurence now in the National Portrait Gallery, and the large and finely formed hands are mentioned in many contemporary descriptions of the poet.

Then, before the conclusion were placed these lines, doubtless to explain why the narratives of these widely differing characters all bore in the poem so exact a similarity of style.

Here closed our tale: I give it, not as told  
But dressed in words by Arthur Arundel  
In after time, a medley, which at first  
Perhaps but meant etc.

It remains to refer to the songs and lyrics, which are interspersed through the poem. The poet's first idea (an original and interesting one) was that all the lyrics contained in the poem should, like the poem itself, be in blank verse. So subtle is the variation of metre in these lyrics, and the modulations by which the poet secured a sustained singing quality of sound in them, intensified by the use of repetitions and refrains, that I think many readers never realise that 'Tears, idle Tears,' 'Oh swallow, swallow,' 'Our enemies have fallen,' 'Now sleeps the crimson petal' are in blank verse, any more than it is generally realised that the opening section of the 'Lotus-Eaters' is in the Spenserian stanza or that of the 'Vision of Sin' in rhyming Heroics. Of these lyrics, 'Oh swallow, swallow' and 'Our enemies have fallen' occur in 'B,' but not 'Tears idle Tears.' Early versions of 'Now sleeps the crimson petal,' 'Come down, Oh maid,' are jotted down separately in the second of the notebooks, but the revisions are not of sufficient value to justify quotation. They are very definitely 'chips of the workshop.'

In regard to the songs which were introduced in the third edition, Tennyson stated (see collected edition, p. 927, note) that before the first edition came out he deliberated with himself whether he should put songs between the separate divisions of the poem, but decided not to do so, since he thought that the poem would explain itself without them. He also mentioned three distinctly inferior lyrics which he thought of using for this purpose. When he found that the public appeared not to understand the drift of the poem, he included the rhymed songs, which he referred to as 'the best interpreters of the poem,' the child being the link through the different parts. I have always found it

difficult to understand why the public missed the drift of *The Princess*, and how the inclusion of the songs was going to help them having done so, but there is no doubt that Tennyson's instinct was sound, for the inclusion of the songs very greatly increased the popularity of the poem. Of course none of these songs occurs in 'B,' but trial versions of some exist elsewhere. Hallam Tennyson published one of these variants (an alternative form of 'Sweet and Low') in the *Memoir* (p. 213) and Tennyson himself included in the 1865 volume of *Selections* (Moxon) what he described as the first versions of 'Home they brought her warrior dead' and 'Thy voice is heard through rolling drums.' Of the latter I have seen no less than four unpublished versions (making, with the two published versions, six in all). Two of these show only minor variations of others, but four, though using exactly the same ideas and to a large extent the same words, differ widely in metre and rhythm, and are each essentially fresh, characteristic and individual. The version actually chosen for inclusion in the third edition of the poem is neater and more concise than the others, but it would be hard to say that it is obviously the best.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Two of these versions were printed in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, May, 1931, pp. 635 and 636.

(Concluded.)

## NON-ARYAN.

BY HANS SCHWARTZ.

*'And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand or in their foreheads :*

*'And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or name of the beast, or the number of his name.'*

13th Chapter, *Book of Revelations.*

IT seemed to Heinz that the day lay in his arms like a beautiful child. It had a face as fair as Spring and it was a gift from heaven to December. He caressed its foaming curls woven of silver clouds with tender looks and it smiled at him through rosy lips and eyes that shone like stars.

Only yesterday he would have run laughing through the woods with the joy of having found such a day in winter. But now it mocked at him with its seraphic joy and beauty. Something terrible had happened to him since yesterday. He could not bear the perfection of this dazzling day and had he possessed the power he would have changed the heavens into a mood as dark as his own. He thrust the day from him savagely because he wanted to shut himself in alone with his despair.

That was God's day that he had seen, all fair and shining in his lap. But men make days too and these seldom have the forms of angels. Yet he lived in the world of men and he must face the day they had made for him, even if it was as ugly and misshapen as a daemon. He tried to forget God's day, but it wove itself a shining dance through the trees and mocked him endlessly with its rapture.

He sat hunched up on a tree-stump under the tall pine-trees, trying in vain to understand what had happened to him.

'Oh God! Oh God!' he sighed, beating his fists together. He was a tall, handsome lad and those who had known him yesterday would not have believed that his merry boy's face was now as white and stupid as a clown's at a circus. But a tragic punch-nello of a clown whose life lay in ruins.

'Why didn't she tell me before, I wonder?' he thought. 'She was afraid, I suppose. But why must it happen to me—me of all

people? I loved him. I love him yet. I *feel* German, even if my blood is tainted. I still hate them. I hate the Jews! And I still think our leader is right.'

To-day his parents had confessed to him that his mother was a Jewess.

Long years ago she had left her home to become a Christian. Heinz's father had married her knowing that she was a converted Jewess. He had loved her passionately in those days, for she was charming and clever. She came to teach at the village school and everyone in the village liked her. No one questioned that she was any other than German, so completely was she moulded to that simplicity of character which they admired. Her skin was very white and her features did not appear to be Jewish.

The village mothers loved her, she was so skilful with her fingers. She taught their daughters such wonderful 'hand *arbeit*,' such exquisite needlework. Her eyes had been strong in those days, and now that they were failing and her hair snow-white, did they not still remind Frau Schultze of her former skill by bringing forth a treasured embroidery?

How they had all rejoiced when she married Jacob Schultze, the baker. It had been quite a love-match too. Jacob Schultze might have married a dozen girls in the village—daughters of rich peasants only too eager to give them ample dowries of land in marriage. But something fine and rare in Anna, the quick movements of her delicate hands, the proud way she walked, had driven him wild with love for her. She was so clever, able to speak at least half a dozen languages fluently. And yet so simple and modest. In truth, Jacob had often said it to himself, she was no common clay, his Anna indeed was a lady. It pleased him to think that he, a poor baker, could marry such a fine lady as Anna, although in later years he reminded her that she had no dowry when she married him.

When Jacob Schultze asked her to marry him Anna told him of her origin. Her father was a Rabbi in Belgrade, but even as a child she had felt herself alien to the religion of her family. The teachings of Christ drew her like a light. With the help of German missionaries she became converted to Christianity. They brought her to Germany, where she completed her education, partly through the help of one of her missionary friends and partly through her own outstanding talents. Her family, of course, had cast her off as completely as if she were dead. But Anna loved Germany and



its people and she came to it as a wanderer returning to her own rather than as a stranger.

She loved the clean, industrious, kindly folk in the village. As a child her spirit had been restless and troubled, but here she felt at peace. Yet she was able to make so little use of her talents in the village. Only her gift for needlework seemed of real service to them. The children of the peasants were poor scholars. They knew that their lives were not to be bound up with books. They belonged to the land and most of them helped their parents even when at school. It seemed as if they could see the clean furrows of their lives in the fields reaching beyond, even before they had lived them.

Little Gudrun Müller with her blonde, braided hair and hand-embroidered apron, you knew she would grow up to marry a peasant's son and drudge contentedly among her brood of children. And young Friedrich Meyer, a fine, vigorous boy, he too would work on his father's small farm. So it was with all these village children—the pattern of their lives was inevitable. They dreamed no wild dreams of exotic climes and distant shores, to them the beloved Fatherland was a complete universe. Anything which lay beyond it could only be a poor attempt to imitate perfection.

‘Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,  
Über alles in der Welt . . .’

It seemed odd that Anna should be happy among such simple folks, but then she felt that her own life had been as clear-cut and inevitable as that of her school-children. The secret of her contentment, like that of her children, lay in the cherished belief that it was all written and could not be otherwise.

Anna was thirty when she married Jacob Schultze and he five years younger. But she was such a youthful, lovely woman at thirty, as fresh and comely as any village belle at twenty. Jacob Schultze was tall and blond, with a square head and rugged countenance, looking rather like a lesser Beethoven.

His father was the village baker and owned a house and shop with land besides in the village. When he died these came into the possession of Jacob, who was an only child. In the early years of their marriage Jacob and Anna were very happy. Anna made him a good wife according to village standards, taking the unaccustomed yoke of household drudgery upon her slender shoulders, almost it seemed with joy. In truth she copied the traditional

German *hausfrau* to perfection. All that was stale and old in the lives of the other women was to her wondrous and fresh. She did not know but she saw the pattern of their lives and simple faith with the eyes of an artist.

She fell in love with their religion, their industry and their joyous festivals still vividly reflecting the old pagan worship of nature. She loved to pretend she was German, and as the years went by, she wove the very substance of herself into the form of this ideal.

But the War came and things changed. One of her sons died in the epidemic after the War. Jacob was badly wounded in the right hip and after his return his disability made him bitter and unreasonable. The inflation which followed swallowed up most of their life-savings and they became poorer. Life grew harder for Anna and with the best will in the world she had not the strength of a village woman. Now that Jacob was disabled there was so much more work to do and she had no daughter to share the burden of her labours. The sorrows of those difficult years had made her frail and old.

Yet she still carried herself proudly as if there was something shining and straight within her which no circumstance could bow and her silken white hair gave her a new matriarchal dignity. Heinz, her remaining child, seemed to be the only joy which life had finally yielded to Anna. He was twenty-two, tall and blond, with rugged features, carrying on the lesser Beethoven tradition of his father. Poor Heinz, with what pride had she borne him and what hours of anguish his destiny cost her!

Now it seemed to Anna that after the inflation all the standards of decency in German life plunged downwards into chaos like their currency. The whole world, she felt, had grown dark and everything became topsy-turvy and crazy. A strange man with glittering, hypnotic eyes and a harsh voice came among the German people. At first she thought him only a madman of little account. But he raised armies of young men like a puppeteer dangling puppets and the armies grew until he had raised himself high upon their might. From the beginning her son followed him, aided and abetted by her husband. Anna sighed, she could not understand why they worshipped this man who raved such wicked nonsense to the multitudes and who inflamed them with his false gospel of hate.

Often she would pick up a political pamphlet and ponder over

his countenance. There was nothing heroic about the face, she thought—it did not even look like the face of a German. It was strongly mongoloid like some of the Balkan types and it reminded her forcibly of a dummy she had seen in a fairground. She could remember watching the dummy slowly moving under an arch while the people threw balls at its head for a *groschen*. Round and round it went, in and under the arch, with its almost malignant stare and foolish, painted moustache, raising and dropping its right arm in a mechanical salute with odd, unfinished movements. The face of this man was more like the grotesque mask of a puppet than the face of a human being, Anna had ruefully decided. But mask or no mask, it grew in might and power until Germany daily lost her soul in the grip of this Frankenstein.

Ever since the War Jacob had been fanatically pan-German and swore incessantly against the Jews. Her son, influenced by his father and the post-War spirit of defeatism, too, rose in relentless fury against them. He saw in his crippled father an emblem of the beloved Fatherland which had been maimed, stabbed in the back, and betrayed by the Jews in the last war.

The odd little man with the malevolent stare and the comical, painted moustache became for Heinz the dark, heroic knight of his country's salvation. He drew the lad's very soul as he did all the eager young souls of the sons of the Fatherland. He called them from their despair and defeatism to join in the renaissance set to Wagner's music. He girded them about with shining armour like the Nibelungs and commanded them to scatter their enemies in the hour of their country's need. They took this gigantic, clever mummery of his in deadly earnest. It was so much more thrilling to parade through the crowded streets in bright uniforms, singing stirring songs, than to sit down and think quietly. He had relieved them for ever from the intolerable burden of this freedom to think and make decisions for themselves. He commanded them to believe in him implicitly and he became their new religion.

He told them he was a simple man who offered them simple things they could understand. 'Bread and Work' had been his political slogan. It appealed to the peasants, who wielded great power in the country, as being immensely honest and sincere. He did not offer them a life of shorter hours and easy living, in which, having little imagination, they could not readily believe. But 'Bread and Work,' these were needs which in all their stark simplicity they understood and applauded. He told them that

life would be arduous and difficult under his leadership, calling for strength and high courage. Life, as the hard-working peasants knew it, had always been difficult, so this, too; they found easy of belief, but he invested their arduous lives with a halo they had hitherto lacked. And it was pleasant to reflect that all the time they had thought themselves to be but poor clods, they had been heroic figures treading paths to glory.

The persecution of the Jews became the yardstick by which they measured the reality of this pageantry of renaissance. 'Germany awake!'—'Death to the Jews!'—they cried, raising their toy wooden swords, and with hooked crosses emblazoned on their banners they plunged wildly into this ferocious game. And as the game waxed more fast and furious Anna shared daily in the dreadful anguish of thousands of innocent souls. Jacob was drunk with patriotic fervour, he revelled in the emotional luxury of mass hatred, and he had no sense to see how much he tortured his wife. Though deep within him he was conscious she was a Jewess, he did not see any reason why she should think other than himself. She was his wife, albeit a Jewess who had abandoned her religion, but the Jews were something accursed and apart. Anna writhed under his tongue, seeking what solace she might from her deep, religious faith.

'This hate . . . this dreadful hate . . . why has the world grown so full of it ?

'There is nothing but talk of hatred nowadays,' she confided to those of her German friends who were made uneasy by the spirit of anti-Christ abroad.

'Yes,' agreed Frau Fischer, a sad-faced, little woman who was a devout Catholic. 'You can read about it in the Bible. It was all prophesied in the thirteenth chapter of Revelations that they would bow before the beast and no one would be allowed to buy or sell unless they wore his mark. They have violated all that is sacred. They are the devil incarnate, they bear his crooked cross on their banners.' Poor woman, she had been subject to much humiliation and sorrow under this new regime. Anna liked to talk to her, there was an unspoken bond of love and sympathy between these two mothers, for Frau Fischer's son had left home to join one of the political armies of the new movement. Above all, this man had captured the imagination of the young people and many homes were split asunder when the old folks were unable to follow the political enthusiasms of their sons and daughters.

'How beautiful life was in the days of our dear Emperor,' said Anna sadly.

'Yes, indeed, we were a Christian country then,' answered the other with bitterness; 'and now we are given over to a pack of heathens.'

But she found great comfort in the 13th chapter of Revelations. '*And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.*'

'He asked them to give him four years . . . four years, but *forty and two months* is as long as the devil will reign,' she ruminated with a knowing smile.

At least with those who were suffering in the name of Christ Anna could feel some spiritual kinship, but at home she must listen patiently to her son.

'The Jews are flat-footed cowards. They are parasites and blood-suckers battenning upon the life of the nation. They are degenerate and evil in their lives, contaminating our womanhood,' Heinz told her as he pulled on the coat of his uniform.

'All Jews, Heinz?' she asked gently, looking up from her mending, while her heart seemed to be bleeding away within her.

'There are no good Jews,' he answered firmly.

'But, Christ——?' she persisted.

'We do not want the Jewish religion,' he answered coldly. 'We must have our own true religion, the religion of the old Germans.' And with a final tug at his belt he kissed her and went into the village to deliver an oration to the other young men of the party of which he was official leader.

A terrible, desolate fear gripped Anna when she saw his uniform. If they should discover that his mother was non-Aryan? They had evaded the ancestry inquisition so far because they were only poor tradespeople. But things grew steadily worse, the net was tightening around them and the evil day when she must tell him the truth was drawing near. It had been her husband's wish that Heinz should never be told of his mother's origin in Belgrade. So that the days became for Anna more and more a living nightmare and her kindest friends wounded her without knowing it. Life was a living lie even with the one person who was dearest to her heart.

She dreaded she would die in that moment when he would turn

from her in horror—'A Jewess, *my* mother a Jewess!' And as she laboured alone in her kitchen she prayed from the depths of her tortured spirit. She knew she was being burdened with a false shame and in this her darkest hour her faith in Christ remained steadfast. It was this faith which had drawn her like a beacon away from kith and kin, far away to another land. Christ had called her as simply as the three fishers and she had followed him.

'*Ach Kristus,*' she implored while her fine hands, now rough and sore with housework, were busy paring vegetables over her kitchen table, 'guide me in this dark hour. Thou alone knowest that though I am non-Aryan I am a good woman. Thou knowest I am none of these things they call the Jews. To thee alone may I speak the truth. It is my faith in thee, oh Lord, which brought me here. And now I am so alone, so afraid for the future of my son. His life and my husband's life would be ruined if they knew my origin. Yet he is a good lad and it is a false shame they put upon us. Save us, oh Lord, in thee alone is our trust.'

And it seemed to Anna that the answer came.

'Having faith in me, knowing thou art a true Christian, canst thou be proud, Anna, even though the whole world smite thee. This is the hour of thy glory, Anna, and not thy despair. They will take from thee all that is dear, thy soul will bleed and yet wilt thou praise the Lord, for he too was a Jew and they crucified him. Because thy heart is pure and free from shame canst thou have courage for this day, Anna.'

And somehow her great faith sustained her even though her soul hung daily upon the cross.

Yet going through the village to do her marketing she would look at the other German boys wistfully.

'There's Friedrich Königsberg, pure Aryan blood but dull in the head and epileptic. They won't persecute him because of his ancestors, yet his father was drunken and loose-living. There's Wilhelm Schumann—he's got a crooked back, his mother neglected him when he was a baby, but his ancestors were all Germans. It is so wicked that my boy should need to be afraid when he is straight and healthy. He is finer and cleverer by far than any of the village boys and my people were good people even though I left them because of their religion.'

Dear Anna, her thoughts went round and round her son in endless circles.

But the day came at last.



As leader of the local branch of the party Heinz had to take a special oath of allegiance to the leader. This meant filling up an elaborate questionnaire about his ancestors. He brought it to his parents. Jacob looked uncomfortable, but Anna, knowing there was nothing else she could do, told him the truth.

'Now . . . do you hate your mother?' she stammered uncertainly through her tears, and her words tore at the boy's heart, for he loved her. He said little or nothing when they told him except to mutter something about giving up leadership of the party. But he went out into the forest to think about it and conceal his misery.

Never, he thought as he stumbled his way almost blindly among the trees, was there such a conflict in the human soul as raged within him at this moment. He loved his mother, but he hated the Jews and he would go on hating them to his death. He had seen them in the town with queer, sloping heads, oily curls, fat, white faces and long noses. They were corrupt and the country must be cleansed of them. The leader was right.

'I love him still,' said Heinz, 'I have always loved him and even though it means my death or torment I will support him.'

All the pure faith which his mother had in Christ, the lad had given to the leader. The dark knight of the deliverance was his Christ and his religion.

'He is right and I am wrong, but he has taught me enough courage to put my country before myself,' he thought.

Poor lad, how sincere and moving was his faith in this man. Could the leader have seen the shining faith in the lad's heart, would not his own soul have awakened in that hour? Heinz had fought for the leader when he was unpopular, risking censure from the government, joining in street-fights against communists. Yet where others had taken advantage of their early loyalty by obtaining good positions in the party on the strength of it, he forebore taking any credit to himself. He loved the leader with all the selfless devotion of a lad. And now suddenly, Heinz found himself among those who were accursed, those with tainted blood. He was unworthy to serve his leader as he wished.

And Anna went about her work in the cottage with slow, weary movements, praying that her son would not hate his mother. Yet beneath her anguish was the peace of having spoken the truth. He knew, at last he knew. And though she was a Protestant her spirit reached out to that blessed lady, the mother of our Lord.

To her she came wounded and sorrowing, those gentle arms enfolded her and she rested in the lap of divine pity.

Heinz was torn between loyalty to his mother and his leader. He dare not admit to himself how much his mother was suffering. He felt like an uprooted tree, no longer a true son of the Fatherland. Yet he loved this country and he would give his life for it within this very hour if need be. He was ashamed of himself, yet he had the bewildering feeling that his shame was unreal. He had done no wrong, indeed he was a fine young German, loyal to his leader and country, yet were the truth known his father's business would be ruined. They would be forced to leave the village, homeless wanderers, and Heaven knows what would become of them.

He thought of his sweetheart Ingrid and wondered how she would feel if he told her.

'Ah well, she is a girl, a dear girl, and loves me truly. She will remain loyal to me in spite of everything,' he reflected, and added to himself with unconscious irony, 'Women are different to men. They allow personal love to overrule their principles. If they had their way they would rule the world with love and see what a state we would be in! Ingrid will never be able to understand why I cannot marry her.'

But he must not tell her or marry her. He must go on living this lie as long as he could. It seemed as if he were two men and the Heinz of yesterday smote the Heinz of to-day, wounding him horribly. All at once life was without hope, vision or future. To believe in his leader and have faith in his religion was to bring about his own destruction. Yet with the Heinz of yesterday he believed in his leader and he would destroy this Jew that was also himself.

At last when he could think no more he sat on in a stupid daze, unable to move. Then as his mind slowly recovered control he began to believe that it could not be true. It was an awful dream and somehow he must wake up to find himself a German again with pure German ancestors, reaching in a perfect, ordered procession back to the Garden of Eden. He must get out of this dark, dangerous, crooked world where his thoughts pierced him like angry swords . . . back again to the sure, easy, comfortable world of yesterday. He could not bear the idea of this new self. Yesterday he had been a patriotic young German who was proud of his country and his leader, hating the Jews. Life had been so

simple and clear-cut. But now that simplicity had been destroyed, the very ground cut from under his feet. To-day, he was another person. Heinz Schultze, who was he anyway? He hated this new self and wanted to slay it and be made over again.

As he sat there alone, the faint noise of snapping twigs broke his reverie. He saw a woman approaching him through the trees. She was a stranger, poorly clad with her head bound up in a pink handkerchief like a peasant woman. But she did not walk like a peasant woman; her movements were long, graceful and rather slow. From the distance her eyes made deep, vivid shadows and her long, finely cut nose pencilled a fainter shadow in the perfect oval of her face.

The sensitivity and perceptions of an artist in his mother had flowered in Heinz and he was a painter of some skill. His mind, sick and weary of being the battleground of his conflicting thoughts, eagerly seized this moment to banish the warring shadows in favour of beauty. He looked at the woman with all the pleasure of an artist.

'She has a perfect woman's face . . .' he thought; 'the classic type where the eyes dominate the head just as the heart rules the mind of a woman.' The face lost its contour in the web of his thoughts and wove itself into the shape of Ingrid who seemed to be wistfully reminding him that she loved him in spite of his ancestry.

As the woman drew nearer to him he saw that she was older than she appeared and he lost the illusion of her beauty. Her cheeks were thin, her skin sallow and marred by many fine lines. She had been beautiful once, but time had left only her eyes untouched and these shone oddly youthful and lovely in her haggard countenance. Heinz thought that they were like dark, velvet wallflowers flaming in the sun. She carried a vague-looking bundle of something in her arms. At first he thought it was a child, but as she drew close to him he saw that it was only a bundle of large photographs and little flags with hooked crosses.

'Can I sell you a picture of the leader, my son?' she entreated him. Her voice was pleasant and without accent; it conveyed something unusual like her willowy gait.

'No, I've got plenty at home,' said Heinz dully.

'Ah,' sighed the woman, 'I thought so; it is so hard to sell them now. People are tired of buying his picture.'

'Surely not!' contradicted Heinz shortly; 'but we are too

poor to buy his picture twice; it is not that we think less of him.'

'Yes, I suppose so,' she agreed meekly, and stood quite still, gazing at him with her wonderful eyes.

'Who are you? Where do you come from?' Heinz exclaimed suddenly. He wanted to shake her for staring at him like that.

'Do you really want to know?' she smiled, and her teeth were white and perfect in her dark, lined face.

'You look like a gypsy, but you speak pure German like someone well born,' Heinz added, growing more curious.

'I'm not a gypsy,' she said, smiling faintly; 'I'm a Jewess, outcast, seeking to earn a little shelter for myself and my children.'

Yesterday Heinz would have been angry with her, but to-day he only hung his head and muttered:

'A Jewess and you sell pictures of *him*—why?'

'Because,' she answered, still staring at him, 'I can't find a sale for those of the Christ Child; they used to be so popular at Christmas time . . .'

Heinz did not answer her again. He dare not raise his head, and he was conscious only of her burning gaze and the immense stillness of the forest. She went on staring at him until he felt that her eyes had reached his very soul and read its secrets. It rushed through him like the wind and he did not know how it came, that she was not mere flesh and blood but a presence with power beyond the bounds of his worldly experience. And with the realisation he was gripped with fear so that his heart seemed to be springing in his breast and he could scarcely breathe. He was sore afraid and wanted to hide himself like a child who wakes up in the dark night to see his heap of familiar, cast-off clothing assuming a terrifying shape. He wanted to look up boldly too, just as a child stifling with fear beneath the bedcover longs to fling it aside bravely and reveal the phantoms for the shadows they are. There shot through his mind the unpleasant fancy that Heinz of Yesterday and Heinz of To-day were two pine-trees pulling him apart with huge forked arms. He was in a state of tension and the strain was becoming unbearable. He could feel the blood surging to his face and beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he was acting like a child, that for a few moments he had fallen right down the years, back into the tiny garments of his childish self. But they did not fit him any longer. He did not fear ghosts to-day and

he burst the illusion of old fears with his manhood. It made him angry to find himself so deluded and he sprang to his feet.

'Stop staring at me, woman!' he shouted, but without looking at her. 'Stop! Stop!'

'Why do you look at me like that?' he was almost screaming now. 'Can you see that my mother is a Jewess—can you, can you?'

The words choked in his throat; he did not know what he was saying. He wanted to tear the pine-trees out by their roots, they were hurting him, the sky was hurting him, everything was torment.

She did not move, but stood there quietly, gazing at him with infinite tenderness in her deep, unfathomable eyes. As he returned the stare, the tight feeling in his breast suddenly relaxed and half-swooning he sank backwards on to the tree-stump. Never had he seen eyes so ageless and so powerful with kindness. His mother's eyes were kind, but these held the kindness of birth and death, those eternal verities. When worldly values have been measured by these, wisdom remains. Kings and peasants, Aryans and Jews make their entrance and exit to this vale of tears through the same narrow gates. Heinz the Jew and Heinz the Gentile were like dwindling shadows before the morning sun in their light. Dark velvet wallflowers flaming in the sun. It seemed as if they reflected all the anguish of life; he could see his own pain in their depths as he fainted.

She bent over him and he reached out for her hand and found it in a kind of ecstasy. It was such a strong, comforting hand. Breathless and weak, with eyes half-closed, he clung to it. In that moment he slipped out of life. The world was a dark curtain of shadow and he shot through it like a star. He pierced the darkness and found a cool, lofty radiance. The universe yawned before him, a shining gap, a wordless sight, so vast, so great that he reeled in its light. It was then he fainted but with delight, so that he was refreshed by his seeming loss of consciousness. He stripped himself of his ego whose littleness hung upon him as heavy as the old man of the sea and he was light, airy, boundless and free. He lost Heinz the Jew and Heinz the Gentile and became one with God. It was a moment of pure exaltation and bliss. He rocked with laughter amid the stars. But his laughter did not echo the bitterness or malice of the laughter of men. It was the laughter of the free soul who awakens from this torturing dream we call life, knowing himself to be invincible, immortal and

for ever beyond pain and pleasure, the great illusions. He laughed as a god at the things which had fretted his soul and at those absurd dream-wraiths of Jews and Gentiles. As if it *mattered* whether the soul wore the dress of a Jew or a Gentile, a Tartar or a Turk! He laughed again and his laughter resounded in the azure hills of Heaven.

'At last! At last!' he sang. 'This is my Self. I am one with my Self at last. I am made whole!'

He recovered from the faint that was not a faint since he was neither sick nor giddy. Never had he known such delicious ease, his body seemed lined with silk. Tears of joy showered from his eyes like summer rain. But the moment remained with him. It dissolved from timelessness into time, like water into a snowflake it crystallized into form and was a light in his soul that was with him throughout his life.

She stood before him radiant and beautiful as he had first imagined her. He wanted to praise her with fine words.

*'Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools of Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.'*

'Those are the words of a Hebrew love-song,' she answered, smiling upon him tenderly, and he did not find it strange that she answered his unspoken thoughts.

'Heinz,' she murmured softly, and he was happy that she called him 'Du,' 'you asked me who I was a moment ago. What if I should tell you that men called me Isis in old Egypt and that in China I was Kuan Yin the Bodhisattva of compassion; in India I am worshipped as Kali: I was Mary in Bethlehem and I am our Lady of Rome? I am the mother of all things living, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and so I shall be until all my children are gathered in. I must wait through as many years as there are grains of sand upon all the shores of the seven seas. I have given the world its saviours, and the most beloved of these was a Jew. They who crucified him then would crucify him to-day, but I must wait until even *they* are gathered in. Don't you see that what has happened to you, truly happens to all?

'Yesterday you hated the Jews, only to find to-day that you had been hating yourself. You are all my children, all brothers, hating one or the other you only hate me and yourselves.'

'But I love him,' gasped Heinz, and his tears fell on to her hand, 'I love him with all my soul and I love my mother too!'



'And so you must,' she answered gently. 'Love him with all your soul as my son loves him though he is a Jew. But love your mother and respect all Jews even as you love her. You see, you do not hate your mother though she is a Jewess. There is neither rhyme nor reason to your hatred and you hate the Jews because you do not understand them.

'A moment ago if you could have believed that all your Jewish blood ran into your right arm you would gladly have cut it off. But the blood belongs to every part of the body just as the same spirit flows through all men. Why are you ashamed of being a Jew and proud of being a German? It is because you have told yourself that all Germans are your brothers whereas you think that the Jews are strangers. I tell you that the Jews are not only part of you but you and your leader are the Jews. You are all one with each other and God.

'You have known a moment of bliss because you surrendered yourself to me. It is that bliss for which all men strive but few find the true path. When you gave yourself to me you were made whole and found your Self which is God.

'When you go again through the village you must look more wisely into the faces of those you meet. Look at Friedrich Königsberg the epileptic and say to yourself—"I am Friedrich"; it is not enough that you should say, "Friedrich is my brother," for even that thought divides you from him. But say—"I am Friedrich," and say also of Wilhelm Schumann the hunchback, "I am Wilhelm," and of every soul you meet. If you can say these words, "I am he," of all men, knowing they are divinely true, your soul will grow until it bursts that strait-jacket self and you will find again the bliss I have shown you, not for a moment but for eternity. To-day the Jews are the strangers, but to-morrow it may be the Germans who will have to pay the penalty of being humanity's scapegoat. There is only one way to know a man and that is to know him as your Self. This is the path which leads out of Maya to wisdom and you must discover all men in this manner until there are no more strangers if you would know your Self. As your mother lay dying she called to me . . .'

'Dying? My mother dying?' cried Heinz, and he jumped up and flung past the stranger in terror, knowing instinctively that she spoke the truth. But even as he started to run down the little path in the pine forest a neighbour's child from the village came to meet him, breathless and distraught, her yellow hair awry.

'Heinz! Heinz! We have just found her, your dear mother . . .' she cried, tears running down her rosy little face and unable to say that word so terrible to a child. And then at last tearing it out of herself in a tragic whisper.

'Dead . . . dead!'

Heinz stared at the child dumbly and then looked around him, searching for the stranger, but she had vanished. The place where she had stood between the pine-trees a moment ago was radiant with light. And God's day was dancing there.

### BREAD OF YPRES.

GATHER the corn from Ypres and fill with bread  
The granaries of time until they burst  
With love laid down, life scattered, beauty dead,  
The body's torture and the spirit's thirst.  
Take of the bread of Ypres when lights are low,  
Share it with friend and enemy and stranger  
When life's deep waters darkly overflow  
And in the hour of triumph or of danger.

This is the life of men, their strength, their thought,  
Their years' short measure and their loves' dividing,  
The greatness doubted and the smallness sought  
And in the deep the unwilling lustre hiding.  
Take of the bread of Ypres and as you stand  
The life of men lies crumbled in your hand.

JOHN OAKRIDGE.

## *SOME NOTES ON RESERVOIR TROUT.*

BY H. R. JUKES.

THE reservoir in question is on the point of completion. It holds two thousand two hundred million gallons; covers almost two hundred acres; and has taken, from the start, nearly fifteen years to build. So far as its trout are concerned, however, it is necessary to go back forty or fifty years to arrive at a datum point for a beginning.

At that time one of the larger northern industrial cities obtained the rights over the whole of the head-waters of one of the Pennine rivers. In the main it consisted of a couple of tiny becks draining peaty moorland and running over limestone rock. Both streams held trout; the usual tiny moorland trout running seven or eight to the pound. A couple of miles down the two waters joined; gathered up one or two smaller side-streams; and then went merrily along their way to form, in time, one of the Yorkshire dales.

A small reservoir was built three miles down from the source of the main stream. It was very small, covering perhaps ten acres or so, and with a retaining wall at the bottom end not more than thirty feet in height and seventy to eighty yards across. It dammed up a pool perhaps five hundred yards long. The banks, left in their natural state, were pleasantly varied, alternating between grassy pasture and low limestone bluffs. Several narrow belts of trees overhung the water. The trout in here ran larger than in the parent stream, but unfortunately spawning facilities were confined to less than a hundred yards of running water. At this distance above the head of the reservoir a series of high falls blocked all egress. However, a fair stock of trout had persisted, averaging perhaps a quarter to half a pound, and the place was well worth fishing. There were only three rods, and we fished it in much the same way as one would a big pool on a river. It was hardly more in any case.

In 1916 a second reservoir was completed. This was made about three-quarters of a mile above the head of the existing one and was very much larger. The impounded water—eleven hundred million gallons—backed up and up until it reached a mile above the confluence of the parent streams. A small retaining wall, to act as a screen for silt, etc., was built across each of the becks as it entered

the reservoir, and in addition a by-pass was cut practically round the whole dam and through which all tributary water from the minor ghylls had to pass. No surface, and very little suspended matter could enter the reservoir, and of course spawning facilities of the ordinary type were totally absent. Trout, however, of about half a pound, with occasional fish of three-quarters or even a pound, could be caught there; though it was generally into June and July, when the supply of moorland insect life increased and flies were blown on to the water in some quantity, that the fish were in takeable condition.

Such, then, was the state of the little valley in 1921, when the new large reservoir—the one upon which the following observations have been based—was begun. There would be perhaps a mile of beck running through the heather and then the top reservoir with its wall of a hundred feet or so in height. There the river started again, from zero. It ran for something less than a mile, incorporating two tributary streams, and then reached the head of the smaller dam, five hundred yards long. At the foot of this the river again made a fresh start by means of two quite tiny field drains. The site for the retaining wall of the new reservoir, which was intended to absorb this smaller one, was fixed three hundred yards downstream below it, and excavations for the foundations—forty-five feet below river-level—were begun.

The flow of water, augmented as it was from time to time by occasional floods, had naturally to be diverted from one place to another as work proceeded. It was carried over the fifty or sixty yards width of excavated trench by means of flume-boxes, and then allowed to make its own way back into the original river-bed as best it might. Several temporary outflow channels were thus carved out of the ground, each one gradually drying up as that particular diversion fell into disuse and another flume came into being. On one of them, however, a stagnant pool had formed, covering a rocky hollow in the land and which, at one time, had actually been used as latrines for the men. Into this flooded corner drained one or two boggy bits of marsh, just about balancing evaporation. The surface was covered with an ugly scum, with odd patches, two or three yards wide, of black, horrible-looking water showing through. One would hardly imagine that even a toad could live in it.

One evening, however, a couple of the quarry gangers, who passed the pool on their way home, told me that they had seen

a good trout rising there. I laughed my disbelief. I could not credit it. A rat perhaps; but a trout in that water. . . . I could not possibly swallow that!

All the same, I kept my eyes open as I passed the place later the same evening on my way up to the little reservoir some quarter of a mile farther on. The men had been quite right. There *was* a trout there, feeding steadily; I saw him myself. My rod was up, and I determined to see what manner of fish this was. I dropped my three flies across one of the open spaces just in front of him. The tail-fly was taken with a rush as it touched the water and my line streaked across the pool. He put up a hair-raising fight and it was a full couple of minutes before I had him in the net.

I never saw a better-conditioned fish. A good pound and a half in weight, he looked magnificent; finer far, both in shape and colour, than any I had ever taken from the actual reservoir. I slipped him back into the water—for obvious reasons I did not want him for the basket—and walked on towards the next open space a few yards lower down. Nothing was showing on the surface; but here again success was immediate. A fish, not quite so large, but in other ways as good, took my fly at the first cast.

I spent half an hour at that place and I hooked and landed eight fish, all of them above a pound. In one spot, just under a bit of limestone cliff, I had two on at once. It was amazing. I stared at the place in astonishment. All my previously conceived ideas as to the necessity of lovely, clear, rippling streams for the well-being of trout—trout above all fish—had perforce to go by the board. Here was a bit of about the foulest-looking water I had ever seen, and it held the best fish! I walked on up to the reservoir in thoughtful mood.

One of the other rods was at work when I got there. I told him what I had seen and, like me, he laughed his incredulity. I left it at that. However, it turned out to be a poor night on the dam, and soon after dusk we gave it up. We came to the pool. In the semi-darkness the place looked more fearsome than ever; black, oily water; bare, leprous-looking banks; great patches of heavy, floating scum—it looked horrible. 'Now cast in there,' I suggested, seriously, pointing to one of the largest open spaces. With a puzzled sideways glance at me—still under the impression apparently that I might be pulling his leg—he drew off a few yards of line and did so.

I never saw a man so startled. The moment his fly touched

the water there was a savage swirl and his rod bent almost double. His reel screamed and suddenly—I might add not quite where we were looking—a huge shape burst out of the water and shot up into the air. It fell back with a splash like a depth bomb, scattering the scum all ways. It was my turn to laugh as he reeled in the slack line. 'Two pounds?' I suggested airily. 'Felt like five!' he responded.

His fly was gone, but we put up another; and with his next cast he got a fish, a good one. He got half a dozen before it grew too dark to see; all of course returned. We talked of nothing else all that night and, I imagine, most of the next day. We christened the place 'The Home Farm,' and night after night, after we had had perhaps a poor evening on the reservoir, we went down there. We could always depend on a full hour's sport there, whatever the weather. The fish were always returned. They varied in markings. We came to recognise the different individuals. We gave them names: 'Alphonse,' 'Cleopatra,' 'Moby Dick'—a dozen high-falutin' appellations. Some of them must have had mouths like cast iron.

The construction of the new dam made headway. The enormous trench, its base forty-five feet below the river-bed, was filled in with concrete, and the wall itself began to rise. Scour valves, with a twelve-foot outlet pipe, were installed: the river diversions, necessary now no longer, were closed. All the low-lying land about the river-bed was thoroughly scoured by successive flooding. The 'Home Farm' disappeared, washed away downstream.

Building went on; the great wall rising tier by tier up towards its final height of one hundred and fifty-four feet six inches above the river-bed; and on July 4, 1930, during a rather rainy spell, the sluice valves were temporarily closed and water gradually impounded, for testing purposes, up to a height of seventy feet. This rise, of course, completely submerged the already existing reservoir, extending the acreage under water from the original ten to something like thirty.

Fly-fishing immediately deteriorated, most of the trout promptly turning bottom feeders on the new ground. In the few cases where a decent fish—decent that is for the size of the water as it was then, about half or three-quarters of a pound—was hooked, great difficulty was experienced in landing it owing to the thick growths of tough rush and benty grass (not to mention tree-stumps, roots, raspberry canes, five-foot high nettles and so on) sloping down into the water



and for some considerable distance out underneath it. One could see thousands of worms, drowned and bleached-looking, lying in the shallows; and perhaps the most noticeable change in the wild life of the neighbourhood was in the increased number of snipe frequenting the shores. There had always been a good stock; now there were hundreds. Every yard or so, as one walked along, two or three would rise with their harsh alarm-note 'scrape-scrape' and go zig-zagging away towards the moor. There were worms and to spare, even then. The newly flooded ground was covered with them. One might have possibly done well with bottom fishing, though I doubt it. Anyhow, it was not tried. But artificial flies, however daintily presented and of whatever pattern, were consistently ignored. July was a blank.

On August 6 the water was run off. Many fish were lost; swept down through the sluices into the river below the dam, where, no doubt, many of them took up a fresh residence. Vegetation appeared to have been killed on all the recently flooded areas; and towards the end of the month the trout in the original small reservoir—now of course again uncovered—were once more rising freely and showing unmistakably the signs of the good feeding they had experienced. The 1930 season ended successfully, with a far greater number of pound fish brought to the net than ever before.

For a couple of months or so the ground was left bare; and then, during November and December, water was again impounded to the same level as previously, seventy feet. On December 29 a sudden thaw actually increased the level to seventy-nine feet; but this extra water was run off gradually and the height more or less steadily maintained at the stipulated seventy feet. A second heavy snowfall on February 10, which also melted very quickly, gave a further sudden rise of eighteen feet; but this also was run off as soon as possible, and it is probable that both these two extra rises were of too short duration to have anything but a negligible effect on the trout.

The opening of the 1931 season was uneventful. Trout came slowly on to the rise as in previous years. Their condition, however, was well in advance of anything we had experienced before. Good fat fish were taken in March. They rose well throughout April and May; but towards the end of the latter month it was decided to raise the level of the dam to ninety feet. Water was gradually impounded, flooding over several acres of hitherto untouched land. With every rise of the water; after a day's rain, say; it was remark-



able how the fly-fishing immediately fell off. Until the bottom feed—the countless grubs and beetles, larvæ of all kinds—was exhausted, no interest was taken in any surface food whatever. A rise of two or three feet, covering a dozen acres or so (areas varied according to the formation of the land) would mean a week's fishing lost. The size and quality of the trout, however, rapidly improved, very rapidly indeed. What fish were caught were in magnificent condition; small-headed, deep-shouldered and, for their size, very strong indeed. Rather bigger, brighter flies became the vogue, fished wet and worked well down in the water; more imitative, perhaps, of the evidently popular under-water feed.

The arranged ninety-foot mark was reached; but in view of the rapid progress made in the erection of the dam wall, it was decided to allow the rise of water to continue. By the end of the season, September 30, there was a depth of one hundred and six feet of water in the reservoir and the original ten acres had increased to between fifty and sixty. Fish were found in all parts; staying some distance out from the shores during the daytime and coming on to the shallows towards nightfall.

By the 19th November we had impounded one hundred and twenty feet. Towards the end of the month heavy flooding threatened and a small quantity was run off to mitigate possible consequences in the low-lying villages down the dale. The holding up at the head of the valley of fifty or sixty million gallons of sudden flood-water meant a great deal of help down there.

Early in December fish began to run up the hitherto inaccessible main stream to spawn. By now there would be perhaps half a mile of it between the wall of the upper dam and the farthest point reached by the water held up by the new erection. Good fish were seen, several approaching the two-pounds mark. They spawned all the way up; but unfortunately many thousands of ova must have been destroyed owing to fluctuations in the size of the stream and also to the gradual covering over of the spawning redds by the steadily encroaching deeper and more stationary waters of the reservoir.

By the end of the year 1931, one hundred and thirty-two feet had been impounded. This level was kept, with small rises and falls, until February 4, when repairs to a submerged pipe-line necessitated the lowering of the water by ten feet. This was a serious matter for what ova had been deposited outside the actual stream-bed. Two or three hundred yards of redds were uncovered

and remained so. It was well into the following May before they were once more submerged and the former level of one hundred and thirty-two feet again reached.

This was 1932. It was to prove a magnificent year.

The newly flooded land had fed the fish all winter. Copying Long John Silver, they had 'slep' soft and ate dainty' all the time; the bottom feed—luckily for us—only becoming exhausted towards the middle of March, when the new fishing season started. The trout were waiting for our flies. From the very beginning two-pounders began to be frequent, and there was a hurried replacement of tackle for stronger stuff. The water was kept at much the same level throughout the whole season, and the 'take'—apart from the inherent vagaries of trout—was consistent day after day. Bigger fish still came to the net; several over three pounds and two over four. And these were what, two short years before, had been little moorland brook trout, running half a dozen to the pound!

On June 6 there was a heavy rainfall and a consequent rise of the water level to one hundred and thirty-five feet six inches. This was left. The rise was of small area save over the flatter shallows, one of which was exceptionally good. It had originally been a meadow, and the well-fertilized land had—after abandonment—produced a wildly luxuriant crop of high, tough rushes. These were lightly covered by the new water and proved to be a favourite hunting-ground for the biggest trout. The land sloped very gently: even at a distance of fifty yards out one could still see odd blades topping the water, and of course under the surface they were very thick. Clumps would be only a yard or two apart in most places. These reeds were a bugbear. Like Charles II, they were 'an unconscionable time a-dying.' And all the big trout seemed to be there! One would cast—we were using bigger flies now, up to sizes 5 and 6—there would come a sudden savage 'rug' and a glorious fish, fully three pounds in weight, would leap clear out of the water. There would be a moment or two of delirious excitement and then—finis! The other two flies on the cast would, almost inevitably, catch up in the rushes and the trout would be free. Most of them dealt pretty summarily with both our methods and tackle. One had perhaps a better chance when the tail fly was taken; but, even then, a sudden dive and the quarry was round—or through—one of the clumps, with the cast laced ingeniously in and out of the herbage. They were fish of parts, those trout: their intelligence bordered on the malignant. Quite frequently one

would have two on at the same time; and in an incredibly wild flight of the imagination would think to play them. But a brace of two-and-a-half-pound trout had not to go far in that water before they had the angler's mind somewhat unhinged. Wading was not allowed. All there was left to do, after those first few hectic moments, was to tug more or less soberly at the caught-up line until something or other gave way. I lost four casts in a quarter of an hour one night. The usual excuses fell flat. It was no good saying they were 'big ones'—we had got past that. All the same, it must have been a couple of months or so before we had become sufficiently chastened to confine ourselves to a single fly. And even then, the reeds were there: even when, at last, the actual long, upstanding fronds had died away or weakened, the tough and clumpy roots remained.

It was about this time that it began to be increasingly noticeable how pink the flesh of the trout had become. In previous years one fish out of every dozen or so had been tinged with colour; but this year nine out of ten were as deeply pink as a salmon. They proved magnificent table fish. Small headed, big spots, deep back and shoulders—almost like a perch, some of them—they were good both to catch and eat. We never actually saw either snails or shrimps—the usually accepted cause of pink flesh in trout—in the water, but they must have been there—in bulk.

All through this season of 1932, day after day, first-class sport continued. Anything up to a couple of thousand fish of well over one and a half pounds were taken out. We made a voluntary bottom limit of a pound.

And it was this year, too, when we first began to remark what immense shoals of minnows were to be seen. There had been none—or at least we had not seen any—in the original reservoir, but there had certainly been a few in the stream below. After the flooding of the new land these had evidently wandered far afield, and increased enormously in numbers. One now saw shoals several yards square behind every wall corner; in all the calmer, sunnier spots. The trout did not seem to bother them much; possibly there was too great an abundance of more succulent, more easily obtainable insect food. Purely as an experiment spinning minnow was tried towards the end of the season, but with indifferent success.

By September 10 the reservoir had reached a height of one hundred and thirty-seven feet six inches. This was rather higher than intended and a considerable quantity—about three feet—

was run off. Several of the flats were uncovered as a consequence of this, and one examined with interest—Time is a great healer!—many of the localities where certain well-remembered giants had 'gone away.'

That winter we spent a great deal of time on the spawning beds. These were getting terribly limited. One tiny side-stream alone had any water coming down, and that in small quantities only. A mere trickle seeped down the main river, blocked as it now was two hundred yards above by the top dam. Pools had, however, been left here and there, almost stagnant pools, and these were crowded with fish. There would be a couple of score in a hole ten or twelve feet long by half as many wide. Under every boulder there would be a dozen huge, fat tails sticking out. There were many big fish, well on to the four-pound mark: some of them made as much commotion in the water as an otter. All the little gravel-beds were hidden by hovering and circling trout. Eggs were laid and covered and a couple of minutes afterwards were churned up with the sand and gravel as some other fish took up position. The exhausted spawners, unable to struggle back again over the boulders and waiting for a flood that could never come, lay there dying. Herons came up, half a dozen at a time, and took a heavy toll. We three did what we could, lifting out the spawned fish into buckets and carrying them back to the open water of the reservoir downstream. It was cold work: mid-December and twelve hundred feet above sea-level. Two of us spent the Christmas holidays doing nothing else. However, by one means or another, most of the fish got back again.

No more water was impounded that winter. Apart from the unavoidable rises due to heavy rain or snowfalls—each gradually run off as conditions improved—there was no variation in the height of the reservoir. 1933 started where the 1932 season had left off.

Except in the free-rising qualities of the fish!

We had to wait a couple of months or so before flies were of much use. Minnow, however, proved highly successful and some very big fish came to hand. Their condition was good and the pink flesh even more noticeable than in the previous year. Although no new land had been covered, the food supply throughout the winter must have been more than sufficient; and once the warmer weather had arrived the sport with fly was amazing. On the old small—and now absorbed—reservoir, the one like a big river pool, small stream flies had been used, both dry and wet, and the fish had shown

a certain amount of discrimination. In the newly formed dam, however, almost any type of fly had killed. It did yet; though as a matter of fact most fish were actually taken on dark-bodied imitations—teal and black, zulus, etc.—irrespective of climatic conditions or time of day. The chief rival to these patterns was a 'Peter Ross,' which only differed from most of the others by having a red body instead of black and a shade more tinsel at the tail. But many experiments were tried—trout were cheap—and practically unvarying success was obtained whatever the fly. Size perhaps mattered, especially on bright days; but colour hardly at all. When the fish were 'on' they seemed to take anything.

I say when the fish were 'on.' It was the most outstanding feature about this 1933 season, and the two subsequent ones, that the rises appeared, all over the reservoir, at certain times and were of very definite duration. One might fish for a couple of hours without response of any sort and then, for an hour or more, a rise would occur at every cast. Suddenly the whole sheet of water would go 'dead' and there would be nothing moving at all. We checked our times. We might be half a mile apart and on opposite sides of the reservoir. The hour of the take would be identical. I tried to time these rises. They ran approximately every three hours; but they varied unaccountably on occasion. The biggest and longest period was at night, just on and after sunset. This would last, sometimes, until well after dark. Big lures—big sea-trout lures, two inches long—would often fetch a really good one then. The trouble was in landing him. It would be too dark to use a net; the banks, owing to erosion, were all a series of little perpendicular cliffs up to a foot high; and the water might be deep or shallow. One had to feel with one's toe for a comparatively level bit of ground and then hope for the best.

So much for 1933, a second magnificent year.

In January, 1934, the level was raised to one hundred and forty feet six inches, and again in March to one hundred and forty-four. Then, in April, still a further four feet were added. This flooding had its usual effect: the fish kept down, feeding on the bottom. Nothing could be done with fly, although minnow was successful. The fish taken gave great promise of the days to come. Heavy, fat, full of fight, they had wintered well.

By May 20 the level had been allowed to rise to one hundred and fifty-three feet, or only one and a half feet below the overflow point of the dam. A tremendous gale of wind came on the Whit-Tuesday

and the lake, now over 150 acres in extent, was like a sea. Spray dashed high over the parapet walls and heavy waves poured over the sills, falling almost two hundred feet into the river below—a wonderful sight. When the gale abated we found the level had been lowered six inches, solely by the wind. We left it at that.

Towards June the trout came on to fly. There were bigger fish than ever; though occasional ones, perhaps, as we thought, late spawners, were thin. These were invariably long fish which normally should have weighed three pounds or more. We returned them—not always with our blessing—in the hope that they might improve. We still had trouble with the hardier reeds. These died very slowly; though now, when a dropper caught up, the fronds would often tear off and the fly be saved.

One looked upon these dying weeds, however, with mingled feelings. No planting of lakewort or other food-bearing growths could be allowed. It was to be a service reservoir and the fishing, as such, was of no enduring interest. As the reeds and grasses died off there was nothing left below the water but bare sand and mud. The food supplies brought down by the tiny becks—if one could call them becks—and runnels coming in were negligible (a reservoir only conserves storm water) and the fly life accidentally blown on to a couple of hundred acres at twelve hundred feet above sea-level could hardly be expected to support the big stock of heavy fish which the place obviously contained. As the summer wore on the biggest trout, instead of improving in condition, fell off more and more. Food supplies, apart from minnows, were decreasing below the economic safety-point.

These minnows, now grown to incalculable numbers, had reached a state where they did infinitely more harm than good. The quality of food—all potential trout-food—they absorbed must have been enormous. Of course actually they were a food supply for the larger fish in themselves; but a trout, even when lying in wait among a shoal, has no easy task to catch one. We have watched them many times from the parapet of the dam wall forty feet above. There will be a shoal of many hundreds playing about a sloping bank of rubble pitching—one of their favourite haunts—and there will come cruising up out of the depths a big, long-bodied trout with, like Cassius, a 'lean and hungry look.' He will make sundry dashes here and there, but the minnows are under the stones like lightning. They dodge about with impunity: even a foot away they are, nine times out of ten, perfectly safe and seem



to know it. A trout has to work hard to support himself on minnows.

More and more of them, however, turned to this source of supply as the year went on. Gone were the lazy days of gorging on the insects dislodged from newly flooded land: the water had reached its limit. Our flies were taken with avidity, but the bigger fish we got were all obviously suffering from undernourishment. The smaller ones, up to say a pound and a half, seemed to have thrived. They were fat and very strong, fighting harder far than their bigger brethren. The supply of snails and shrimps, however, must have been available to all, for practically every fish, big or small, had that remarkable deep pink, salmon-like flesh.

The season closed. There were as many fish there as ever, more probably; but the average weight was not that of the two preceding years.

Spawning took place as before. Several fish on the four-pounds mark—and which should have weighed six—were seen, and a horde of smaller ones of from half a pound up. Unfortunately, in view of probable flooding, the water was lowered three feet and, at the height the reservoir was then, this affected a longish length of the spawning stream. Many ova were unavoidably left high and dry. The whole of the breeding season was affected in this way. Throughout the run of the fish the level of the water fluctuated, almost from day to day. Fish would run up on the flood, lay their ova, and the next week all where they had been would be dry.

The late year of 1935 opened badly. Not a single fish was taken on fly until May. Minnow, however, proved deadly, and a number of trout were taken on this lure. The bigger fish, however, had invariably to be returned; they were all head, with long, tapering, almost eel-like bodies and of course no strength with which to put up any sort of a fight at all. Fish nineteen and twenty inches long would weigh little, if anything, over the pound.

And this lamentable state of affairs lasted throughout the season. With the exception of two or three individual specimens, all fish above the two-pounds mark appeared to be thin and poor. Smaller trout, however, about the normal pound size, were again good and numerous, small-headed and well-shaped, with surprising fighting qualities. They came on to fly about the end of May and at times took well, especially towards evening. The only place where the bigger fish seemed to be in anything like similar condition was close under the dam wall, well out towards the middle in the deeper



water. The wall lies at the eastern end of the reservoir and, the prevailing wind being from the west, a line of foam frequently forms perhaps ten or twenty yards out. Here, at various times of the day, one could see fish steadily rising among the drifted litter blown down the water. There were some big fish among them, and—so far as could be judged from a viewpoint fifty feet above the water—they seemed fairly fit. But they seldom came near enough to the shore for a cast to be put over them. In the earlier part of the year a few were certainly caught by minnow in the corners; but the really big ones stayed, all through the season, well out in the middle.

Even more noticeable, too, this past year, was the short and very definite duration of the 'rise.' There were no steady feeding times as in the earlier days. The reservoir, all too frequently, was completely dead for hour after hour. When at last the rise came on, the trout fed savagely for half an hour or so—very often less—and then, after a few minutes of hectic excitement, the rise would finish and any lure, of whatever type, be consistently ignored. Towards the end of the season fewer and fewer of the bigger fish came to the net. The average weight was hardly twenty-five per cent. of the 1932 and 1933 seasons. It appeared that the smaller the fish the better the condition. Trout of three-quarters of a pound or less were really good. Artificial flies, too, had to come back more to normal. The smaller, more natural imitations proved increasingly successful. The days of big Alexandras, Butchers, and so on seemed definitely over.

In every way the reservoir appears to be slipping back towards a similar state to the other two. Underwater vegetation is now completely destroyed; and, as already mentioned, at this altitude there is but little surface fly-life; save, of course, innumerable midges on the infrequent still evenings. With the dam above blocking all food washed down from the main gathering-ground, there can be but one result in the immediate years to come: the fish will decrease further both in numbers and size until the economic point is reached. In a little while a pound fish will be a capture, and after that—who knows? However, it does not matter. By then the reservoir will be in commission and all fishing stopped. All that will be left will be the memory of two marvellous years when even an angler had need of neither excuse nor exaggeration.

*MONMOUTH: JUNE-JULY, 1685.*

BY LLEWELYN POWYS.

ONE of the first pleasures of my life was the unexpected gift of a bicycle. It was an American bicycle with wooden mudguards, light, and easy to ride. With its help I was able in the holidays to extend the known boundaries of the country about my home in South Somerset. I remember on one of these excursions getting as far as Sedgemoor. It was a summer's day. I went to look at the church at Chedzoy, and while I was there, an old man who was cutting the grass in the churchyard showed me a buttress still retaining the smooth surfaces that had been given to it by labourers sharpening their scythes in preparation for Colonel Kirke and his 'Lambs' in the days of the Duke of Monmouth's abortive rebellion. I had often heard my mother refer to the 'Taunton Maidens,' and had listened to village stories about men from the battle hiding in the Montacute Woods,<sup>1</sup> but it was the actual look of the old buttress on the west of the south transept of Chedzoy Church that really awakened my imagination to a lively sense of the far-off calamitous summer. From that day all that I have read about this hapless adventure has been of interest to me.

On the wide stone staircase going up to the gallery on the north side of Montacute House there used to hang a ghastly picture of a man's bloody head lying upon a trencher. 'John the Baptist's head,' we were told it was, but I have heard the suggestion made since that it was in actual fact the head of Monmouth after his execution, and this may very possibly have been the case, as from a contemporary letter we know that Colonel Sir Edward Phelips had every cause to appreciate the Duke's popularity in the West. On June 16th, 1685, the Squire of Montacute wrote to Colonel Edward Berkeley after the following manner:

BROTHER BERKELEY,—

I am to write to you the shamefulest story yet ever you heard, the Duke of Albemarle write he would be at Exminster yesterday by 12 o'clock. Col. Luttrell with his regiment and four companies

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. Charles Traak in his excellent history of the village of Norton-sub-Hambon alludes to this tradition.

of mine and the horse went towards it, Captaine Littleton said he saw the enemy and said they were drawn thither to have their throats cut for be God they would be . . . upon this some of both sorts (foot and horse) run as he bad y<sup>m</sup>. which was most shamefully . . . I am sensible I have lost honour never to be gained and if both our lives lay at stake not to be hoped, yet I advise you to take surer measures and better informers, (for I am afraid it will come to that) I am resolved however to give a push for my life, for the satisfaction of the world if you proceed and I heartily beg a line what you intend for more is only for my own consideration also with my humble service. To rest.

Yours to be commanded.

E. PHELIPS.

It is true the picture I remember was gruesome in the extreme, whereas the authentic oil painting of the decapitated Pretender at Woodcote Manor is beautiful and heartbreaking in its suggestion of life crassly betrayed. Of course Monmouth was in fact little better than an indulged darling of ante-chambers and the race-courses whose vain and foolish ambitions made him the easy prey of unscrupulous men. If Ferguson, Major Disney, the Earl of Argyle, and Lord Grey of Werke had only been content to leave him alone with his sweet chuck in Holland, how happy he might have been ! At the small Dutch village of Gonda he and Lady Wentworth were full of solace. It was there that he wrote :

' With joy we leave thee,  
False world, and do forgive  
All thy false treachery ;  
For now we'll happy live—  
We'll to our bowers  
' And there spend our hours——'

But never did his restless friends stop their subtle allurements.

Pepys had very early noticed the instability of Monmouth's character : ' The most leaping gallant, that ever I saw ; always in action, vaulting, leaping or clambering.' Handsome, heartless and the best horseman in England, it pleased the Duke to be popular. Lord Grey's influence was especially dangerous to him, the influence of this reckless young nobleman who had run away with his wife's sister after having been kept alive by her in her cabinet for two days on sweetmeats. It was said that Sedgemoor was lost by Grey galloping off so early in the fight. He was always unreliable and was the first of the rebel leaders to be captured,

disguised under a shepherd's jacket. He never lost his good spirits, however tight the fix. When he and Monmouth, 'waiting for the tyde,' supped together at Mr. Chiffin's sinister lodgings after their last interview with the King, Monmouth began complaining of the cold he had caught from his escapade in the West. 'Your Royal uncle will shortly provide an excellent cure,' Grey is said to have remarked. True to his luck Grey himself escaped the block, and the following February we read of him attending a Court Masque Ball, as gay as ever and restored to favour. He was created Earl of Tankerville by William III. At the beginning of this century his vault was opened and his coffin covered with its red pall was found to have fallen in. His skeleton was exposed to view, and as though not even death could daunt his careless defiance his right hand was seen to be holding a Dutch pipe.

Never do I walk down the lane that leads from the village of Chideock to the sea<sup>1</sup> but I think of the fly-boat of two hundred tons named Helderemburgh, and its two ketches that were sighted off that section of the Dorset coast in the dawn of June 11th, 1685. A boat was observed rowing to the land over the silver-grey early morning water and its occupants distributed 'neat's tongues and bottles of canary' to the longshoremen who beached it. It only required the length of the haymaking season for the high adventure to be at an end. The Battle of Sedgemoor was over by Monday, July 6th, and by July 15th Monmouth had been beheaded.

During what were known as 'The Duking Days,' when at the suggestion of Lord Shaftesbury Monmouth made his pseudo-royal progress into the West of England, he passed through Ilchester on his way to Squire George Speke at White Lackington. As he was about to leave the old Borough under the escort of two thousand horsemen, he observed a group of Quakers standing with their hats on their heads at the Friary Gate opposite Friar Bacon's house, at the west end of the town. The Duke before riding off towards Hunger Hill, with characteristic courtesy stopped and took off his plumed hat to them, which 'sweet regard of princes' was not soon forgotten by the simple bevy of Friends. One of them named Whiting recalled the incident when on June 19th he happened to be in Taunton at the time of Monmouth's enthusiastic reception by the West Country populace. The local gentry from the first held themselves aloof from the movement and even the Taunton

<sup>1</sup> The small fishing hamlet of Seatown is situated three-quarters of a mile south of Chideock, where the little Winnifird stream flows into the sea.

Corporation was only persuaded to go to the Town Cross for the reading of the rebel Proclamation for fear of having 'swords run through their gutts.' Indeed, Monmouth's adherents, except for 'one gentleman, one merchant, and one apothecary,' were all humble people. Dense crowds of this lesser sort had collected in the county town and the Virgins of Taunton Dean 'had ripped open their silk petticoats' to make banners for their Protestant champion when a report reached Taunton that the Royalist Forces were already at Wellington. Orders were at once given by the leaders for the defending of the roads to the south, and Quaker Whiting, who was just then riding forth towards his Hambridge home, was caught in the excited throng and presently found himself almost touching the elbow of the Duke. 'I stopped,' he writes, 'a little to take a view of him, and thought he looked very thoughtful and dejected in his countenance, and thinner than when I saw him four years before as he passed through Ilchester.' Though the weavers, masons, eel-spearers from Athelney, rook-boys from Langport, and quarrymen from Ham Hill might bawl 'A Monmouth! A Monmouth!' till their throats were hoarse a sense of doom hung heavily over the popular hero. He had written to the Duke of Albemarle suggesting that he should come to 'our camp,' and the reply that he had received from the Lord-Lieutenant had not been reassuring—"he doubted not," he curtly replied, 'that James Scott would be convinced he had better left the rebellion alone and not put the nation to so much trouble.' A reward of five thousand pounds had also been put upon Monmouth's head, and the lack of any influential support had already made it abundantly clear how grossly he had been abused by those sanguine friends who had assured him that 'if he landed anywhere in England with a switch in his hand he might safely march to Whitehall.' 'Our men are still killing them (the rebels) in ye corne and hedges and ditches whither they are crept'; so runs a report despatched from the Royalist headquarters at seven o'clock on the morning after the battle. As Monmouth stood on the scaffold of Tower Hill his mind was not altogether at ease about the fate of his simple supporters, who long after they had been deserted by their leaders had, with the crudest weapons, stubbornly held their own against the regular troops of the King. He expressed himself as sorry, 'for the occasion of shedding so much innocent blood.' In those intense moments before his execution he carried himself as his grandfather had done in a like predicament, 'with great sedate-

ness of mind.' At the very end all his thoughts seem to have gone to Henrietta, Lady Wentworth. This lady of Toddington Place had evidently won for herself a firm position in his frivolous heart, and everything that had to do with her was lodged deep in his brain. Before removing his coat and peruke he handed the Bishop of Ely a charm to be given her. It had been doubtless in order that his physical person should never lose its attraction in her eyes that his pocket-book contained so many cosmetic recipes. This famous pocket-book, after being picked up by an Irish divinity student on an old book-stall in Paris early in the nineteenth century, was most fortunately acquired by the British Museum in 1851. It was in Monmouth's coat when he was discovered 'by the glint of his eye' in the bramble patch under the ash tree at Woodlands. It evidently was handed over to the King who, on the occasion of *his* setting out 'on his travels,' must have carried it with him to Paris. On its fly-leaf these words may be read in James II's own handwriting: 'This book was found in the Duke of Monmouth's pocket when he was taken and is most of his owne handwriting.'

Amongst the entries are:

- (1) '*To make the face fair.*' (*With fresh bean flowers distilled.*)
- (2) '*For heat on the face, redness, and shining of the nose*' (*a fair cloth drawn in the morning over the grass until it is saturated with dew—Maydew is especially recommended—and applied to the face and allowed to dry.*)

And also a charm for allaying a pressing anxiety:

*'pour savoir si une person sera fidelle ou non.'*

At Toddington there still flourishes in the old Manor House park an oak tree the bark of which within living memory preserved Lady Henrietta's initials as they had been carved in idle summer weather by the Duke of Monmouth, and the indentation which marks their disgraceful removal may still be seen. 'Good God! had that poor man nothing to think of but me!' was the cry of the humble generous girl when at the request of the King she received from the hands of Bishop Turner the keepsake sent to her by her lover before the butchering of him began.

Very moving it is, amongst the pretty pastoral pocket-book recipes, to come suddenly upon this prayer for the man's very life, composed, it is thought, after his capture, and sounding like a terrified goat's cry rising out of green pastures.



'Mercy, mercy, good Lord, I ask not of Thee any longer the things of this world; neither power, nor honours, nor riches, nor pleasures. No, my God, dispose of them to whom Thou pleasest, so that Thou givest me mercy.'

Mr. Allen Fea in his remarkable book on Monmouth<sup>1</sup> says that when brought before Mr. Anthony Ettrick of Holt Lodge, the nearest Justice of the Peace, Monmouth declared that if he had had a good horse he would have made better shift to escape. A tradition of his last feat of horsemanship was handed down for generations at Ringwood amongst the village people whose ancestors had been eye-witnesses of it. When the military escort were mounting their horses outside the 'Ringwood Inn,' Monmouth, though his arms were pinioned, placed a foot in the stirrup and sprang lightly into the saddle! There followed the few desperate days during which he sent out pitiful appeals, one after the other, for clemency, finally begging the Queen to intervene on his behalf. 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.'

'Did I we<sup>h</sup>, Madame, to live for living sake, I would never give you this trouble, but it is to have life to serve the King, we<sup>h</sup> I am eable to doe, and will doe byond what I can express, therefor, Madame, upon such an account is that I may take the boldness to presse you and beg of you to intersaid for me, for I am sur, Madame, the King will harken to you: your prairs can never be refused, espetially when tis beging for a life, only to serve the King.'

As the time approached for his execution his heart lost its meekness and 'he did not seem to be anyway daunted at the great preparations that were made for his dying.' Indeed, he showed himself as proudly fulfilling the promise he had made to Miss Blake's little Taunton pupils 'dressed all in white,' when they presented him with a sword and a Bible. 'He came,' he told them then, 'into the field with a design to defend the truths contained in that book, and seal it with his blood if there should be occasion for it.'

Observers remarked upon the sturdy independence of judgment displayed by Monmouth towards the attendant prelates who included in their number the Archbishop of Canterbury. They entirely failed in their endeavour to huffe him into acknowledging his life with Lady Wentworth as sinful. Charles Bertie was one

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of James, Duke of Monmouth*, by George Roberts, published 1844, must remain always the most memorable work on the rebellion. George Roberts was a Lyme Regis schoolmaster. He died in straitened circumstances. Mr. Allen Fea has been careful to acknowledge his debt to him.



of those present and he declared that the divines refused to give Monmouth the sacrament because he would not repent of his love for Henrietta, but that 'Hee openly declared a great assurance hee had of being very happy as soon as life was ended, and was full of these enthusiasicall conceits.' Sir Stephen Fox, who was also standing by, condoned with him saying that he was sorry to see him 'in this sad condition,' to which Monmouth replied, 'And so am I too, but since it is God Almighty's pleasure I am going to perform his will.'

The scaffold had been draped in black by the King's special permission, and the Duke of Monmouth 'run his thumb over the edge of the axe,' and then declining to be bound, after praying for a little, fitted his neck to the block. Before kneeling he gave the headsman six guineas begging him not to mangle him, as had happened in the case of Lord Russell, 'but,' wrote Bertie, 'the rogue served him much worse.' The scene is thus described: 'The Executioner had five blowes at him; after the first he look'd up and after the third he put his leggs across and the Hangman flung away his axe, but being chidd tooke it againe and gave him tother two strokes, and severed not his head from his body till he cut it off with his knife.'

In the year 1876 there was a subsidence in the pavement of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower of London, and as in the case of Lord Grey, the Duke of Monmouth's bones were exposed to view. This time it was bones of the feet that were to be seen—the bones of those same feet that had carried this favourite son, this Absalom from the field of Sedgemoor, until like any wretched hare, hunted, starved, and terrified he was picked up in the ditch under the Woodlands ash tree<sup>1</sup> which in this Leap Year, February of 1936, is once again showing hard black buds ready to be open and spread out during the Dorset haymaking in June.

'The steps of his strength . . . , and his own counsel shall cast him down. For he is cast into a net by his own feet, and he walketh upon a snare.'—Job. xviii. 7, 8.

<sup>1</sup> The present tree was not planted as has often been suspected. It grows out of the stool of the old Monmouth tree.

# THE PERFECT TRAVELLER.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

BY FRANK MELLAND.

## I.

I FIRST saw him sitting in the courtyard of the rest house, surrounded by an enthusiastic and hilarious audience of natives which included the sergeant of *askari*, whom hilarity had shorn of an acquired decorum, my native clerk in white duck suit, the *capitao* from a local store and some visiting chiefs, besides the ordinary hangers-on who will be found at all times on any Central African *boma*. He was a quaint figure, small in stature but with a mobile and intelligent face. A mustardy khaki suit (very clean, I noted) and a high narrow white helmet of unbritannic shape proclaimed the foreigner, and looking up from the upturned packing-case on which he sat it seemed as if, on noticing my approach, he would politely terminate his séance.

I signalled to him to continue. Why should not I also enjoy the show? The last entertaining white man who had passed my way had been an old Greek travelling with a drove of cattle from the Masai country in the far north to Salisbury in Mashonaland. Him I had discovered sitting in the doorway of his tent—the present traveller obviously had none, but the tent had been in the same courtyard, for the rest-house in that part of Northern Rhodesia takes the place of the outspan of the south. Thither must go all white men who visited the *boma* unless bidden to my private guest-house, which is the African equivalent of a spare room. It was raining hard when I saw the Greek disconsolate in his tent. He greeted me, saying:

‘So Diogenes must have sat in the opening of his tub.’

I laughed and remarked in the best English tradition that it was a very wet day. The old man smiled, too, and said:

‘Wet? This rain inhuman for it everlasting. This no white man life, good sir, this mateer (martyr) life.’

I took kindly to that traveller and, to cheer him, promoted him from rest- to guest-house, where we beguiled ourselves by poring

over an old *Alcestis* of mine and he tried to teach me modern Greek pronunciation. He also told me many interesting things, and I might add that on his second trip a year or so later with cattle, he brought me a Masai shield, some beautiful burnished spears, and a heavy sword in its sheath, in remembrance of our friendship; one of the many touching examples of gratitude for some trifling act of courtesy, generally not quite altruistic, that I experienced in Africa.

But I must return to Monsieur Alphonse, for that was the newcomer's name; at least it shall be that for the purpose of this record.

At the moment of my arrival he was operating on a ripe tomato with a pocket-knife. He cut in it, not very deeply, two little round eyes and a small opening for a nose. Then followed a deeper gash to represent the mouth. Next, he produced a handkerchief and draped the tomato therein, holding it the while within his hand so that it resembled a very red-faced man in a night-shirt, or *kanzu*—that Swahili equivalent so much favoured in Africa. This puppet he displayed to the wondering audience, and then ventriloquially he made noises such as are not heard in the best society except among the very young, and as he did so his fingers squeezed the tomato gently so that the red-faced gentleman was most realistically sick.

The audience rocked with laughter, the sergeant's fez cap fell off his head, and it was only when he stooped to pick it up that he became conscious of my presence. Replacing it on his close-cropped hair he stiffened to attention, while my native clerk, becoming dignified, tried to look as if he were not amused. Monsieur Alphonse said that that was all for the present, and dismissed the crowd. He then rose and greeted me politely. He was a Frenchman, he said, and he hoped that Monsieur would honour him by letting him cut his hair and set his razors. He was a barber and doubtless Monsieur had not been able to visit a barber for some years. Now a barber was visiting him. It was an opportunity, an occasion.

'But, Monsieur,' I said, 'if one may ask—what is a barber doing here, in Central Africa, a thousand miles north of the Zambezi, and on the road to nowhere?'

'I am going for a walk,' he replied, 'and in order that I may pay my way, I ply my trade.'

'A walk,' I queried. 'Is it a circular tour, or, if not, whence and whither?'

'I am walking,' he answered, as if he were making the most

ordinary remark in the world, 'from the Cape of Good Hope to Cape Horn. Parts of the route I know: the Caucasus for example, and Mexico, yes; but most of it is new to me, and a study of the map showed me that it is the longest walk one can take, so I am taking it. I like walking.'

Replying that it was obvious that the pursuit must be attractive in his eyes, I asked him where he had started from, and when. He answered that he had begun at Cape Town nearly two years before.

There floated before my eyes a vision of the long platform at Cape Town Station, it is No. 13, that stretches out in the brilliant sunlight under the superb massif of Table Mountain, where long trains pull out under the great gantry and go along those shining rails of steel on their way to the Victoria Falls and beyond, for that is the way one left Cape Town even thirty-odd years ago. I tried to picture this little French barber, to whom railroads made no appeal, stepping out all alone along the road to Paarl and then, in time, climbing up into the Hex River Mountains that guard the hinterland of the high veld from the dwellers on the coast, treading in the footsteps of the *voortrekkers*. He had now already travelled far beyond railhead, and had been two years on the way, but he was still looking north, not only along the trail that the young Cambridge undergraduate Grogan had blazed, but far beyond—to the Behring Straits, where he would turn south again and cross those same latitudes once more in different continents and in the reverse order.

Monsieur Alphonse, I decided, must move to the guest-house as the old Greek had done. He would obviously be an entertaining guest and when one is all alone in Africa that is a gift from the gods which it is not seemly to despise. He accepted the proffered hospitality with pleasure and with quiet dignity. He may have been a tramp, but he was a king among tramps and he lived long before starting afoot on a world-wide tour became one of the lesser professions, though the majority of those who adopt it do not seem to get much further than describing their intentions in the magazine pages of the popular Press, thus making sure of the advance publicity which is all they ever earn.

As his kit consisted only of an old-fashioned bag, such as doctors used to carry before the attaché case became the vogue, round which were rolled a blanket and a scrap of waterproof canvas, and the empty packing-case on which he had been sitting, the business of changing his quarters was not exacting and we strolled

up from the rest-house together, a native following with my guest's belongings.

'But yes,' he said in reply to a query of mine. 'These little tricks of mine, for I can also conjure moderately well, amuse them, the natives. They are greatly pleased by them and in return, besides supplying me gratis with food and shelter, often volunteer to carry my goods for nothing to the next village, where they can also see my little show once more. As I do not make much money in these parts where one European a week is about all that I encounter, and I need that little money for tea, sugar, soap and the like, this is a great help, and it is payment for amusement provided, which, being gladly given, places one under no obligation. I find that I never want for anything.' Indeed, his face carried always an expression of peaceful contentment more complete than I have ever seen in any human countenance.

When Monsieur Alphonse left me two days later, besides some small remuneration in cash for his tonsorial services, he carried with him a well-stocked box of provisions with two carriers paid as far as the next *boma* and, once again, it was a case of payment gladly given for entertainment provided, for he had related some of the episodes which had illumined his remarkable life. Of these his recollections of the Far East stand out most clearly in my memory.

## II.

'I was for awhile in Indo-China,' Alphonse said when we had settled down after dinner for a talk, 'and I penetrated some distance into the interior, which may have been foolish, but I have done many foolish things in the past, as I trust I may yet do in the future. Life for the really wise must be excessively dull. Of course, one never knows: there may be no future, on this earth I mean. When one goes to sleep at night one never knows if one will wake or if one will be alive twenty-four hours later. That I have learned from life, but I was younger then and used to take it for granted that the morrow's dawn and morrow's eve would come as surely for me, Alphonse, as that light would succeed darkness, and each season be duly followed by the next in order.

'You will understand, therefore, that it was a disagreeable surprise for me when I was captured by dacoits who were firmly of the opinion that I was spying on them. They were obviously modest people who did not hanker after the fierce light of publicity

and since I had stumbled on them and, so they thought, had gained some information about them, they decided that what they thought I knew should go no further. Foreign devils were repugnant to them in any case, but when a foreign devil was a witness of their doings, or at any rate of their whereabouts, there was but one thing to do. They made it perfectly clear to me that I was to die, and that the method of my death was to be decapitation, which would be accomplished in what I was sure would be an efficient manner, void of any bungling, by means of the business-like swords with which they all were armed. When a Chinaman executes he makes his victim kneel upright with head erect. Then he swings his sword and deftly severs head from trunk. It is most effective. As the execution was to take place forthwith, Monsieur will understand that the outlook seemed hopeless, yet he knows in advance from seeing me here under his hospitable roof that my demise did not take place. Listen then.

'*Le bon Dieu*, I think, must have let fall among those dacoits an apple of discord. Suddenly one among them began to abuse another, and all the others took sides. I do not think that they were actually siding with either of those who started the commotion, rather did it seem as if each man formed a side by himself, and all were against all. Whatever it was they were very much in earnest about it and became so entirely engrossed that they completely forgot the foreign devil. I do not think I had mentioned that it was dusk when I had stumbled on them, but it was so, and by the time that their preoccupation reached its height it was quite dark. Near-by was a paddy field, where rice grows in the water, Monsieur knows, and taking advantage of the disturbance I slipped away into that field and hid there, in the water. I heard them discover my absence which made them exceedingly angry and, so far as I could gather, made them forget the apple of discord: perhaps it had only been about who was to have the honour of beheading me or some such matter. They started a kind of a search, but in the dark they could accomplish nothing, so when all was still I moved farther and deeper into the paddy field and when the sun rose the next day I was as hard to find as a needle in a haystack. The dacoits obviously did not know where I had gone and, I suppose, fearing that I could carry back some precious information about them, they went in the opposite direction from that which I had followed in coming there, departing in great haste so as to place speedily as great a distance as possible between themselves and all



foreign devils. When they had gone I retreated by that route I had already travelled and so came to civilisation, which was lucky for me as my night's immersion in the water brought on pneumonia and that nearly accomplished slowly and painfully what the dacoits would have done so expeditiously. However, thanks to skilled attention and good nursing, I recovered and moved on shortly to Shanghai, that meeting-place of all the nations in the world, cosmopolis *par excellence*. There I heard that I should find a good opening to ply my trade at Port Arthur, and so I proceeded there without any great delay.

'There are many Chinese barbers in all the treaty ports and European cantonments in China, but a French barber of repute was a rarity and the idea seemed to appeal to the officers of the Imperial Russian army stationed at Port Arthur—it would be *chic* to patronise a Western expert in the art. It was not, however, so *chic* to pay him for his services and, truth to tell, though I had plenty of custom I made little money and living at Port Arthur was not cheap. I was thinking of moving elsewhere when a Russian officer who had been drinking heavily came in to have his hair cut. When I had finished he made improper overtures to me which, not being so inclined, I resented very much. Monsieur sees that I am only a small man, and physical prowess cannot be expected of me. The Russian officer was very big—tall and powerful, a giant of a man—and he tried to overpower me. I had a revolver and I shot him.

'I was arrested; that goes without saying, and I was tried. As a Russian officer had been killed by me, a humble barber, and I had no witness of our quarrel, it also goes without saying that I was convicted of murder and was sentenced to imprisonment for life on the Island of Saghalien, and thither I was taken in irons and incarcerated. As I have already mentioned, I was young, and life imprisonment therefore meant for me an unendurable term of years, and Saghalien, I do assure you, is not a place where anyone would wish to spend a long life. Even the Russians who were there, the soldiers and the warders, hated the place and had but one thought, how to terminate their residence there at an early date. Desertions from the garrison were not unknown despite the risks and the punishments that awaited failure.

'But if it was hateful to free men, what was it like for prisoners? I leave that to your imagination, but I do not believe there is anything worse in this world than imprisonment on that terrible island



and in the power of a still barbarous people, so I, naturally, was ever on the look-out for means of escape. I had no money, so could not buy assistance, and in any case I should probably have been cheated. I had to rely, therefore, on *le bon Dieu* and myself. *Le bon Dieu* gave me an opportunity of eluding my guards one day when out at work near the shore which I seized without considering what was to happen next, and I was lucky in finding a place in the rocks where I could hide.

'I was, however, still on that terrible island, without means and friendless, little nearer to freedom, it seemed, than when in gaol; but *le bon Dieu* does not do things by halves nor does He play with a suffering man and tantalise him. He sent a wind which blew a Chinese junk off its course, bringing it nearer to shore than is usual. I attracted the attention of those on board and swam out to it. Fortunately I am a strong swimmer and I reached the boat and, luckily also, I found honest mariners, not pirates. It would, I admit, be more exciting and more picturesque if I said otherwise—to fall out of the frying pan into the fire, as you say in English, would furnish a wonderful climax, but I am telling you only what really happened. It was a good ship that I boarded with an honest crew and I was well looked after and taken to Shanghai, where some friends of mine rewarded my rescuers, to whom I shall always be deeply grateful. I then appealed to the French Consul and he took up my case and reported it to Paris. The French Government took action and after a year I received a free pardon from Petersburg. Excuse me an instant, Monsieur.'

Monsieur Alphonse rose and, leaving the verandah where we were sitting, went across to the guest-house, returning in a few minutes with his little old-fashioned bag. He placed this on the table and, opening it, took out an envelope from which he drew a parchment document. It was a pardon signed by the Czar himself, and sealed with the Imperial seal. He showed me this with great pride and added:

'I would not like Monsieur, who has been so good to me, to think that I am romancing.'

He continued his life-story, telling me how the French Government had taken an interest in him after this episode and had employed him as an interpreter at their Tokyo legation, of which fact, also, he had documentary proof. The high respectability of this life, however, palled on him after two years and he had resigned, returning to France and staying for awhile with his sister who had

married a prosperous merchant and resided in Lyons. His brother-in-law, who had agents in West Africa, had then started him in life again by making arrangements for him to set up as a barber at Dakar.

'I liked West Africa well enough,' my guest confided in me. 'But I got very tired of my clients—they were monotonous beyond anything I have met. So it happened that I went on my travels again and wandered all along the west coast from port to port until I came to Cape Town. Then I said, "I am tired of life in ports—I have been in ports half my life. I will go for a walk in the interior," and as I thought this it came to me that I would do more; I would walk through Africa; more yet, through Asia Minor and the Caucasus which I know, and Russia—for I like the Russians, with exceptions, it is understood—and no one can hurt me there so long as I have this.' He tapped the bag which held his pardon affectionately. 'Then I will go through Siberia, but not to Saghalien I think, and cross over to Alaska and down through the Americas to Cape Horn.'

There was nothing of the braggart about the man. He told me everything in a matter-of-fact manner and described what he meant to do, and was actually doing, just as if it were his plans for a week-end ramble in England. I was sorry, therefore, when the time came to speed him on his way and he set out to complete another stage of his journey. He wrote to me to report progress from Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika where two other famous travellers, Livingstone and Stanley, once met, and about the same time I got a letter from the Lyons merchant thanking me for kindness shown to his brother-in-law, which he said was greatly appreciated by Madame, Alphonse's sister and by himself, as they were always anxious about the wanderer in strange places.

### III.

The next letter I had was from Lyons also, a year later, but this time it was from Alphonse himself. His dream walk was not to be accomplished. When at Hoima in Uganda he had been desperately ill; a fact which I was myself able to confirm in 1910 when I picked up his trail at several points, and it was always, as I knew it would be, a clean trail. Alphonse had made friends everywhere and no enemies. After his illness his homeward passage down the Nile by steamer had been arranged somehow, and so his walk stopped at Gondokoro, nor was it ever resumed. When he wrote from France

he was still recuperating. He was, however, as philosophical as ever, recognising that he was not as young as he had been and that his physique was less than noteworthy, so that he bore his disappointment well though, as he said, had he been able to accomplish what he set out to do, 'it would have been a good walk.' Meanwhile, he wrote, he was enjoying a rest and the kindness of an affectionate sister and her husband. 'They have a warm spot in their hearts for a ne'er-do-well, these two.' There were two delightful *petits gamins*, moreover: his niece and nephew. I liked to picture the wanderer who, more than anyone else I ever met, deserved the title of the perfect traveller, for he was one who travelled solely for travel's sake; doing it not for exploration nor for trade, nor in pursuit of sport, nor yet of glory; not even seeking adventure, though it was accorded him so lavishly—I liked to picture him with those two small children, he recounting his adventures, they listening open-eyed and breathless. What an uncle for any children! And somehow, even with them, I do not think he would adorn his tales with fancy frills. True there was little need, but that would not stop some men.

I was on leave in England when next I heard from him. He was very loyal was Alphonse, and I am sure he knew that I really was interested and liked to hear how he was getting on. This time it was a post-card from Dakar which had been re-addressed to me from my African *boma*. Yes, he was back again in Senegal and prospering with his barber's shop. 'It is not a bad life,' he wrote. 'One might do worse.' He did not say if the new generation of clients was as monotonous as the old.

And in the civilised old-world comfort of my club smoking-room, sitting in front of a welcome fire, the surrounding walls keeping at bay the dismal darkness of a rainy night, I seemed to see once more a kind-hearted, slender little man, clad in weird clothes with an absurd white helmet on his head, sitting contentedly on a packing-case and holding his native audience enthralled with a white handkerchief and a ripe red tomato.

# MARY MITFORD'S LETTERS.

BY MURIEL KENT

WHEN a selection from Mary Russell Mitford's letters was published ten years ago, followed later by a reprint of her sketches of country life, many readers must have had their first introduction to a very attractive personality. More than sixty years have passed since the appearance of those earlier volumes of her correspondence (1870 and 1872) which were the chief source of Mr. Brimley Johnson's delightful collection. The first letter given by him is dated 1799, when the writer was a precocious child of eleven years. The greater number of those which follow were addressed to Sir William Elford, the landscape painter, whose acquaintance she made in 1810, when he was nearly sixty-four—her senior by almost forty years. He became one of her most valued friends, and she declared later :

'He coaxed me into a correspondence, which was of no small use to me, as giving me a command of my pen, and the habit of arranging and expressing my thoughts. He always said that none of my writings were so pleasant as those letters.'

We, too, have reason to be grateful to him for his persuasion, and for the fact that he cherished and handed down those long letters, written on numerous bits of paper, which still seem so apropos and entertaining.

In these days, perhaps only the most determined student of her times would attempt to read Miss Mitford's poems and dramatic works. Even *Our Village*, the book on which her chief fame rests, now makes a limited appeal. But to her own generation those vivid little country sketches were irresistible. Their simple and delicate art must have been as refreshing then as a poem by William Allingham, or Randolph Caldecott's illustrations to 'Come, lasses and lads,' at a later date. Thomas Campbell had refused them as 'unsuitable to the dignity' of his *New Monthly Magazine*; but when they first began to appear, in 1819, in the *Lady's Magazine*, they had the effect of raising the sale of a rather obscure journal from two hundred and fifty to two thousand, and Charles Lamb praised

them as the most 'fresh and characteristic' things that had been published for a long while. Miss Mitford seemed to her friend Mrs. Browning, 'a sort of prose Crabbe in the sun'; if we are less responsive to the charm of *Our Village*, it may be due to the fact that so many of her literary descendants have also made the 'return to Nature,' and allowed us to share their emotions over the same subjects.

But Miss Mitford's letters are more subtle and vigorous stuff. They stand the test of changed atmosphere and manners as only genuine art can do. These frank, spontaneous letters to her friends reveal more than a writer of graceful prose; more than a lively or sentimental observer of rural life. They show her as a highly gifted woman of the world, shrewd and humorous: the 'literary lady' who was sought out and admired, but remained entirely unspoiled and free from self-importance: the loyal and devoted daughter of an extraordinarily selfish father: a staunch friend and acute critic. To quote Mrs. Browning again—'It was a great, warm, outflowing heart, and the head was worthy of the heart. . . . She was stronger and wider in her conversation than in her books.' That estimate is at least as true of Miss Mitford's letters as of her talk.

Her range of interests was remarkably large. She was an ardent lover of birds, of animals—especially her greyhound pets—and of flowers; in one of her letters, written when she was recovering from an accident caused by a runaway horse, in 1841, she confesses:

'I cannot yet turn in my bed; but when up I get about astonishingly well. . . . Even *since* this misfortune, Ben having said that half the parish had mounted on a hayrick close by to look at the garden, which lies beneath it (an acre of flowers rich in colour as a painter's palette), I could not resist the sight of the ladder, and one evening when all the men were away, climbed up to take myself a view of my flowery domain.'

She goes on to describe the glowing beauties crowded in the little plot—already known to readers of *Our Village*. It was typical of Miss Mitford's attitude to life that she 'could not resist' a ladder which promised a better point of view. She found riding 'a detestable recreation,' but she adds:

'The exercise which I do dearly love, is to be whirled along fast, fast, fast, by a blood horse in a gig; this, under a bright sun,

with a brisk wind full in my face, is my highest notion of physical pleasure; even walking is not so exhilarating.'

It is more surprising to find her a connoisseur of cricket, writing in Waterloo year of her

'great admiration for the manly exercise, which really engrosses all the souls and bodies of all the men, high and low, within twenty miles of this place (Bertram House). . . . Cricket is to Alresford what beer is to Dorchester, or cakes to Shrewsbury. Hampshire is the Greece of cricketers, and Alresford the Athens.'

Eight years later, she describes with some acrimony a 'grand match' between Hampshire and All England in which the new element of professionalism offended her desperately:

'There they were—a set of ugly old men, whiteheaded and baldheaded (for half of Lord's was engaged in the combat) . . . dressed in tight white jackets (the Apollo Belvedere could not bear the disguise of a cricketing jacket), with neckcloths primly tied round their necks, fine japanned shoes, silk stockings and gloves, instead of our fine village lads, with their unbuttoned collars, their loose waistcoats, and the large shirt-sleeves which give an air so picturesque and Italian to their glowing, bounding youthfulness: there they stood . . . silent, solemn, slow—playing for money, making a business of the thing, grave as judges, taciturn as chess-players. . . . I never was so much disappointed in my life . . . money and gentility would ruin any pastime under the sun. Much to my comfort (for the degrading my favourite sport into a "science," as they were pleased to call it, had made me quite spiteful) the game ended unsatisfactorily to all parties, winners and losers. . . . So be it always when men make the noble game of cricket an affair of bettings and hedgings, and, may be, of cheatings.'

Miss Mitford was an immense reader. When she was a small child, her father would place her on the breakfast-table to read aloud 'from the Whig newspapers to admiring guests'; and a book-list kept by Mrs. Mitford, during a period of five years, shows that her daughter in her youth read an average of fifty-five volumes in thirty-one days! When she moved, in 1851, from Three Mile Cross to Swallowfield, she owned 'four tons of books.' Nor did her alert mind ever deign to specialise in one direction. She was equally ready for the classics of Greece and Rome, Elizabethan drama, modern French literature, or international politics: for the last essay, poem, or novel—and she always read critically. We



can trace the results of these wide and varied tastes, not only in the style of her letters, but in her strongly held principles and opinions—not always in line with the conventions of her order and times. She owned to 'idolatry with regard to Fox,' and though she recognised Napoleon in his victorious days as 'the greatest enemy to Democracy that ever existed,' she deplored his banishment to St. Helena as a national crime and wrote, in 1819 :

"*Elle est folle de Buonaparte*," Mr. D—— says of me, and the madness I am afraid is rather increasing than diminishing. . . . My politics are very unaccommodating ; I cannot give up principles for men, not even for an intimate friend.'

Nevertheless, Miss Mitford was original enough to fulfil all through her life Oliver Wendell Holmes' precept—'Don't be consistent, but be simply true'—and she frequently modified or reversed her judgments on men and books. She was as far from being a pedant as a mere eccentric, and though a brainless dandy at a ball might refuse to be introduced to her because 'he had an idea that she was blue-ish,' her genial wit and graciousness brought many friends and admirers round her. Indeed, she once complained to Mrs. Browning that strangers came to see her 'after Reading Prison—as the next sight in the neighbourhood.'

Some years before the publication of *Our Village*, she owned, in a letter, that 'to be tall, pale, thin, to have dark eyes . . . is my ambition'; as she lacked all these distinctions, she derided her own 'dumpling of a person' gaily. But men and women found a fascination in her musical voice, and in that which Charles Kingsley described as 'the French or rather Gallic' character given to her face by 'the glitter and depth' of her eyes. She was too complete a gentlewoman not to be as much at her ease in any cottage on that straggling village street where she lived for thirty years, as in the London drawing-rooms where she seems to have met, and pleased, most of the celebrities of the time.

Neither popularity nor fame affected her discriminating view of her own powers; and she always disclaimed any higher sanction for her literary work than the urgent and repeated need to earn money for her father to squander, or to pay his debts.

'I write merely for remuneration; and I would rather scrub floors, if I could get as much by that healthier, more respectable, and more feminine employment.'

' . . . As to writing a novel, I can't, I wish I could. . . . I

have begun two, and got on very well as long as I stuck to landscape and portrait painting; but when I was obliged to make my pictures walk out of their frames and speak for themselves, when I came to the action, I was foundered. In short, I lacked invention, so both my novels went into the fire, where I most heartily wish all my poems were keeping them company.'

Yet she must have gained a natural pleasure from the appreciation of her friends, the praise of Wordsworth, or 'of such a *proser*' as 'the matchless "Elia" of the *London Magazine*'; from the artist's consciousness of growing ease and power. She was avowedly a stylist, above all things, in her literary judgments; and occasionally this preference overcame her ripe humanism—as when she regretted Miss Austen's lack of 'taste' and elegance in *Pride and Prejudice*, and described *Waverley* as

'that hotch-potch of languages—that movable Babel. . . . There is not in the whole book one single page of pure and vernacular English; there is not one single period of which you forget the sense in admiration of the sound.'

Nevertheless, she had recognised the master touch with certainty, when the authorship was still a matter for surmise, in October, 1814.

'It is his by a thousand indications—by all the faults and all the beauties—by the unspeakable and uncollectable names—by the hanging the clever hero, and marrying the stupid one . . . by the sweet lyric poetry—by the perfect costume—by the excellent keeping of the picture—by the liveliness and gaiety of the dialogues . . . by the entire and admirable individuality of every character in the book, high as well as low—the life and soul which . . . brings them before our eyes like the portraits of Fielding and Cervantes.'

Miss Mitford's life (1787–1855) covered a period of great and varied literature—as we realise when we read the names of contemporary writers which recur in her letters. And this eager reader's mind roamed beyond the limits of her own age, robust and tireless. In the last year of her life, she set herself a course of Fielding and Smollett, to be followed by *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*. It was significant of her spirit and character that she acknowledged in 1816:

'My favourite play ("tell it not in Gath!") is the first part of *King Henry the Fourth*. All the whining, crying, canting heroes that ever lived have less hold upon my affections—less power of

interesting me—of carrying me off my legs (as a lady said of Burns), than that most delightful and most natural creature, the “Gunpowder Percy.” . . . I am always a rebel when I see that play, and could never be reconciled to the catastrophe, were not Falstaff on the other side. Pray do you believe that Falstaff was a coward, a liar, a flatterer, and a glutton? Are you not sure that all this is calumny, and that the humorous knight was a most valiant and gentlemanly, as well as a most delightful person? I am quite convinced of it, and cannot forgive Henry the Fifth for his shabby treatment of him after his father's death.’

Two years later, she wrote indignantly of a certain Dr. Valpy's outrageous intentions:

‘He is indeed the abstract idea of a schoolmaster embodied; you may know his profession a mile off. Well, he is going to have a Greek play performed by the boys . . . to be followed by an English play for the ladies and the country gentlemen, and this English play is, what do you think? The second part of *Henry the Fourth*, leaving out Falstaff and Justice Shallow! My dear Sir William, is not this good man essentially mad? I fairly scolded. Flesh and blood could not bear it.’

That Miss Mitford's vehement interest was not easily exhausted is proved by a letter to Charles Boner, in 1849, referring to Montigny's *Life of Mirabeau*:

‘I got only the first three volumes from Rolandi's, and I could not wait for a parcel from London, but sent about the neighbourhood till I met with a friend who had the book, and who sent me twenty-one other volumes of and about Mirabeau. Amongst these were . . . three very thick volumes of *Discours*, containing all his Speeches in the National Assembly. I have also read the two trials with his own memoirs and speeches there, and almost all that he ever wrote. . . . I must have those five volumes.’

Miss Mitford, with all her intellectual earnestness, kept a light touch for her letters, and a particular horror of priggishness. Thirty years earlier, she wrote, ‘Luckily I know how to skip (invaluable art, I wonder no one has written an essay on it).’ This acknowledgment was drawn from her by Miss Ferrier's *Marriage*, in which she found ‘a great deal of comic talent’ in spite of ‘that dearest of dead weights, the all-perfect heroine.’

‘A book laden with an impeccable heroine ought to be covered all over with cork jackets, not to sink. . . . How I do hate those

over-good book-people! They are just like triple refined sugar—sweet and bright and hard and spotless, and good for nothing till united with some ardent spirit or some powerful acid.'

She had very clearly defined views on letter-writing both as an art and a means of self-expression; Cowper's in English, and Madame de Sévigné's in French, being her ideal. One of her most trenchant criticisms was of Miss Seward (1742-1809), the 'Swan of Lichfield' and Scott's assiduous friend—who 'cordially disliked' Dr. Johnson, and was herself condemned by Horace Walpole as having 'no imagination, no novelty.'

'To tell you the truth, I was always a little shocked at the sort of reputation she bore in poetry. Sometimes affected, sometimes *fade*, sometimes pedantic, and sometimes tinselly. . . . What I have seen of her letters confirms me in this idea. . . . You must know, my dear sir, that I have a theory respecting letter-writing, though, like most theorists, my practice differs most unhappily from my principles. "*Rien n'est beau que le vrai; le vrai seul est aimable*," is my motto; and translating "*le vrai*," rather according to the spirit than the letter, by "the natural" I believe you will agree with me. . . . Who can read a page of Miss Seward's writings on any subject, without finding her out at once . . . for the Venus and Muse of a provincial city; the one-eyed monarch of the blind at Lichfield, who thought nobody could see elsewhere; the pedantic coquette, and cold-hearted sensibility-monger?'

That is severe enough to suggest that even generous, kindly Miss Mitford might have been capable of writing such slashing reviews as those which flayed new writers in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*—when she detected pretentiousness or a literary pose. Of Madame D'Arblay she wrote:

'As to the little Burney, I don't like her at all, and that's the truth. A girl of the world . . . thought clearly and evidently of nothing on this earth but herself and *Evelina*. . . .'

'I do not think very highly of Madame D'Arblay's books. The style is so strutting. She does so stalk about on Dr. Johnson's old stilts.'

It must be remembered, however, that these comments were made in private letters to friends with whom she felt she could safely air her opinions and prejudices, or indulge in literary gossip. And what a range of writers and books these letters bring before us!

Some of the names echo very faintly now, but others are still familiar and honoured, as when Miss Mitford met the authors in London society, or read their works in one of her tiny rooms at Three Mile Cross, and summed up their values afterwards. In 1812, two letters to Sir William Elton are chiefly filled by her analysis of Richardson's genius in *Clarissa Harlowe*; and her 'horror' of *Sir Charles Grandison*—that 'man of marble, or rather a man of snow . . . and yet this composition of frost is always deploring his unfortunate sensibility!' Miss Mitford had, of course, read *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, which took the reading world by storm in 1794; and in a letter written more than fifty years after its publication she remarked on the favour which Mrs. Radcliffe's books still retained in France.

'It is quite amusing to see how much a writer well nigh forgotten in England is admired in France. . . . Such critics as Sainte-Beuve, such poets as Victor Hugo, such novelists as Balzac and Georges Sand, to say nothing of a thousand inferior writers, talk of her in raptures. I will venture to say that she is quoted fifty times where Scott is quoted once.'

But the reaction to everyday realism, headed by Miss Austen, was already a strong force in England. Miss Mitford saw the publication of the *Pickwick Papers* in monthly parts—'so graphic, so individual, and so true, that you could curtsy to all the people as you met them in the streets'—and she records that 'Sir Benjamin Brodie takes it to read in his carriage between patient and patient; and Lord Denman studies *Pickwick* on the bench whilst the jury are deliberating.' In 1849 she announced that 'the author of *Jane Eyre* (believed to be a governess, and to have been brought up at the establishment of Carus Wilson) has published another volume' and, in the same letter (1849), 'Mr. Kingsley (almost a neighbour of mine) has just written a very fine dramatic poem . . . called the *Saint's Tragedy*.' Charles Kingsley became a close friend in her latter years, and she found him 'not the least Alton Lockeish, but a frank, cordial, high-bred gentleman . . . one of the most charming persons in the world.'

In 1818 Hazlitt's volume of critiques, *A View of the Stage*, made her write a graphic recollection of the first publication of some of these articles in the *Morning Chronicle*, then edited by her friend, Mr. Perry.

'I had seen most of them before, but I could not help reading

them all together ; though so much of Hazlitt is rather dangerous to one's taste—rather like dining on sweetmeats and supping on pickles. So poignant is he, and so rich, everything seems insipid after him. . . . I was at Tavistock House (the Perrys') at the time, and well remember the doleful visage with which Mr. Perry used to contemplate the long column of criticism, and how he used to execrate "the d——d fellow's d——d stuff" for filling up so much of the paper in the very height of the advertisement season. . . . He had not the slightest suspicion that he had a man of genius in his pay—not the most remote perception of the merit of the writing—nor the slightest companionship with the author. He hired him, as you hire your footman . . .'

Miss Mitford had gone to London in 1811, with the purpose of 'improving in my vocation (just as country milliners and mantua-makers go to *finish* and learn fashions) by hearing divers lectures—on Milton and Shakespeare, and criticism and poetry . . . and love and philosophy, and every subject that ever entered the head of man—from my good friend Mr. Coleridge.' It was twenty-five years later, on another visit to London, that Miss Mitford met Wordsworth, then 'an adorable old man . . . delightfully mild and placid,' who praised her 'poor works' highly : Mr. Kenyon and the 'charming Miss Barrett' and—already hovering round—'a Mr. Browning, a young poet' : also Landor, Douglas Jerrold, and a great host of 'artists, poets, prosers, talkers, and actors of the day.' She describes a dinner at Mr. Kenyon's where she first made friends with Elizabeth Barrett, the writer of—

'most exquisite poems in almost every style. She is so sweet and gentle, and so pretty, that one looks at her as if she were some bright flower ; and she says it is like a dream that she should be talking to me, whose works she knows by heart.'

Though Miss Mitford kept an open and sympathetic mind for her younger contemporaries and for newer writers to the last, neither Thackeray nor Dickens satisfied her as a novelist. She found the one 'world-stained and cynical' : the other 'meretricious in sentiment and so full of caricature.'

'Compare them with Scott and Miss Austen, and then say if they can live. Neither of them can produce an intelligent, right-minded, straightforward woman such as one sees every day ; and a love story from Thackeray could hardly fail to be an abomination.' (1852)

But that verdict was given before reading *Esmond*, which



appeared that year, and before the publication of *The Newcomes*. Probably those books made her take a juster view of Thackeray, and Miss Mitford, as I have said, was always ready to reverse her literary judgments and praise where she had blamed—if she could do it with equal sincerity.

In 1818 she had declared that

‘with one exception I never saw an American gentleman in my life. They are a second-hand, pawnbroker’s shop kind of nation—a nation without literature, without art, and totally unconscious of the beautiful nature by which they are surrounded.’

But she lived to write her *Stories of American Life*; to express immense admiration for Hawthorne’s books; to compare Fenimore Cooper’s with Sir Walter Scott’s; to correspond with Americans whom she had never seen; to receive Bayard Taylor and Hawthorne at Swallowfield; and to count Mr. Fields of Boston as ‘a beloved friend.’

Even Miss Mitford’s letters do not reflect her more clearly than the little character-sketch of ‘Aunt Martha’ in *Our Village*—that unwitting portrait of herself in all but outward appearance.

‘First of all, she is, as all women should be if they can, remarkably handsome. . . . Add to this a very gentle and pleasant speech, always kind and generally lively; the sweetest temper; the easiest manner; a singular rectitude and singleness of mind; a perfect open-heartedness, and a total unconsciousness of all these charms. . . . Her humanity is inexhaustible. . . . Her gift in gossiping, too, is extraordinary; she is a gentle newsmonger, and turns her scandal on the sunny side.’

## THE QUETTA EARTHQUAKE.

BY MOLLIE MACKENZIE.

OUR bungalow was right in the direct line of the earthquake. It happened at three o'clock on the morning of Friday, May 31, 1935. We were all asleep. Robert and Mary had been out to dinner with a doctor, Civil Surgeon, and Dinah, my cousin, and I had gone to bed as usual the night before. I awoke to hear a terrific noise and to feel the room heaving about—absolutely heaving all over the place. I immediately thought 'Earthquake—what does one do? Lie in bed in case anything falls?' I didn't really have time to think before the ceiling and walls had crashed down on us. I had the children sleeping on either side of me, Robin on the right and Anne on the left. We were completely entombed by the *débris*. I can't remember whether I called out first or whether I heard the others calling, but it seemed only a few minutes afterwards that I heard Mary shouting 'Mollie, where are you?' I cried out that we were in our room, that I had the children with me and that we had not moved from our beds. I yelled to her to come quickly and then began to scream. Anne was rather frightened, and was crying, but only in a quiet way. I told the children that the roof had fallen down on us and the walls too, but that someone would come soon. I kept on calling out to Robert and Mary and screaming as it began to get very painful fairly soon afterwards as the weight was so heavy on me. I don't remember anything hitting me on the head, but there was a little white table by my bed and the wall must have fallen across it, making a hole which I could get my head into and get air. We were breathing in dreadful dust and stuff. First of all I was nearly smothered by my mosquito net which fell on me, but I managed to get it off. It must have broken the fall of the ceiling. I was lying on my side with my left leg bent under me and my right knee pressed down. I could just get my right arm out a little bit, and my head was in the hole by the cupboard. I could feel the electric-light switch by my bed dangling against my head, and of all crazy things I tried to switch it on as I thought it would help if the light were on.

When I heard my friends calling I imagined that everyone else

was all right and it was just my luck (I am a very unlucky person) that only my room had fallen in. But they, and Dinah, had been able to scramble out of their rooms into the garden as their walls hadn't completely fallen, and they immediately rushed round to my room. I had a sun-room leading out of my bedroom, with glass windows and door, and not one pane of glass was even cracked. Robert had to break down the door to get in. Actually those walls had stood, but where my room should have been was a heap of rubble. My friends kept on calling to me and I screamed for four solid hours, not really hysterically—though I was afterwards told that I had been hysterical—but because it was such a relief to be able to scream. I felt so angry at being pinned down and so helpless. The servants tried to get at us, but it was pitch dark, being three o'clock in the morning. They managed to find lamps and started trying to make a hole by my head. Eventually I suddenly saw a light where they were tearing the stuff away with their hands, and I heard someone say 'there is her head' and felt someone's hand. I called to them to hurry up and get on with it. The servants were doing their best. Then further quakes began to occur, and of course each time there was one the servants got frightened and ran away. That, naturally, made me more hysterical. They kept on leaving us, but they were trying to get more men and extra people to help.

I don't know how long it was before I heard more men's voices, but I heard Robert call out that it was all right and they were getting to us. By this time ants were crawling all over me and I was spitting chunks of mud and dirt out of my mouth. It was getting very painful too. Robert said, 'We can't go on digging behind you, we have got to try and get in from the other side.' When the troops arrived they had to prop up the beams of the roof which had not fallen before they could get us out. The ceilings out there are made of wire netting covered with plaster and mortar, and a great piece of this had fallen on my head. Eventually they dragged the netting off my head and I could see the sky and the stars. It was beginning to be daylight. The men seemed to be very high up. On either side of me I could see huge piles of stuff where the children were. I nearly went crazy when I thought they were under it all. The men—about a dozen headed by two Englishmen—Sappers and Miners, went on digging hard and never stopped for a second. They were simply marvellous. They had to get wire clippers to cut the wire netting. Some Indian held a cloth

over my head so that the dust did not fall on my face. Someone else brought water and poured it over my face. Robert tried to get morphia, but of course the hospital was down and he could get none. Suddenly I saw the men heave up part of the chest-of-drawers which had fallen on Robin and then they got him out, but he was already dead. That was about an hour before they got me out. Mary rushed to the hospital with him. He must have been smothered by the wardrobe. Dinah told me afterwards that he had not a mark on him anywhere. No broken bones, absolutely perfect except that his lips were blue.

The men went on working at me and got the piece of netting off me; about a dozen were working at it, and then two of them pulled me out. I was stiff and numb all over and my legs had completely lost all circulation. They carried me out and put me on a charpoy in the garden, and covered me up with curtains and the soldiers' overcoats. Somebody had got boiling-hot tea and brandy ready, which Dinah made me drink as I was terribly cold and shivering all over. My legs had drawn up as the circulation had stopped. One thing that struck me was that it was daylight and the most perfect day, brilliant sunshine, blue sky, tents standing up in the garden and birds singing. It seemed so awful to think of all the sorrow around. While I was lying in the garden—it was another half-hour before they got Anne out—I asked Dinah if anyone else had been hurt. She said the whole of Quetta was flat. The men went on digging for Anne, but some of them had to go off to the next bungalow where another child was lost. Mary came back from the hospital and said that Robin had gone. Then they got Anne out and Mary came over to me, kissed me and told me that Anne was all right. We were rushed up to the hospital in a lorry and Dinah came with us. The British Military Hospital was some way outside the area. All the way there Dinah kept on exclaiming 'Look at that' where houses had collapsed. Fire had already broken out in the city.

There were wounded people all over the place when we got to the hospital: some lying on the ground, some walking about. I have never seen such a mess. Somebody came along and looked at me and my legs. They pulled them down by force—it was agony—and put me to bed. They separated the men and women as far as possible. It was then about eight o'clock, and already tents were being erected all over the grounds, and screens were put round the really badly wounded. There were simply thousands of people of

all sorts. Some looked terribly ill, covered with bandages, and others not so badly injured, were trying to help. Doctors were rushing about not knowing where to begin. Some people were in pyjamas, but most of them were more or less dressed. Fortunately for me I had not been long in the hospital before I was violently sick. It helped a lot as I had swallowed so much dirt, but I felt pretty rotten. I saw Mary walking about with Anne, and Robert came to see if I was all right. He had had to go to a conference at 7.30 even before we had been dug out. Then we were all put into tents. I could not move myself at all as I was so crushed and scratched and bruised, and simply covered with mud. We were absolutely filthy. Ladies eventually came round and washed us. One girl looked after me. She scraped all my wounds and then just poured iodine on to them all. There were about twenty people in my tent at first, some very bad cases. It was insufferably hot. Gradually the people were sorted out and about sixteen were left that night in our tent. We were given dope, but it did not have much effect. There was a poor little boy beside me with a cracked skull and simply covered with cuts and wounds, but he was as strong as a horse and would keep on trying to get up and play. But he recovered. Various people came in and out and we were given anti-tetanus injections, though I did not get one that day. My foot was looked at and they said I had a sprained ankle. All night long we kept on having shocks which simply terrified us.

The next morning I was moved into another tent with about six people. It was cooler. I had apparently screamed all night long in my sleep and kept all the other patients awake. I could soon sit up, but it was agony to move and I was very bruised and stiff. There was always plenty of food, ladies kept on bringing it round, but we got so terribly thirsty. It was frightfully hot by day and terribly cold by night. I had about six rugs on me. Every few hours we had shocks, and people lying about all round got up and screamed every time there was a quake. Everybody was terrified. Mary came with Anne to tell me she was going to the Staff College. The next day we were moved to the family tents and were told that there was going to be an air mail and we could write to England. In the middle of the afternoon there was an awful tremor. It felt as if the earth were going to open and swallow us up. The tent flap was open and I could see the mountains. They looked as if they had all erupted. Actually it was only the

clouds of dust. I was simply terrified. People outside thought they were fainting as they swayed about so much.

I began to feel better and my ankle was not too bad, but I was told my instep had gone and I must massage it. They would not let me leave the hospital as Robert said I was suffering from shock. On the Monday morning, however, I was discharged and tried to get out of bed. I was terrified to try my feet but managed to stagger about. I felt I should never get well unless I could get away from the sight of all those ill people. I thought perhaps I could go and help to look after Anne. That morning a kind lady came along with her car and took me up to the Staff College to some people, where a tent had been prepared for me in their compound. Not a soul slept indoors after the earthquake, everyone was in tents. Even the cooking was done outside. I felt awful. I lay about the place and smoked far too much and drank far too many whiskies and sodas. In the afternoon I went to see Mary and we sat together but could not talk to each other. It was the most awful afternoon. Then I got a chit asking me to stay with another woman whose bungalow was just across the road. Mary could not bear the sight of me as it reminded her too much of why I was there. I was at first rather hurt about this as they did not seem to want me, and Anne seemed to be frightened of me, so Dinah looked after her and I went to the other bungalow. Dinah had to go back to Ziarat on the Thursday, so I took charge of Anne again and she seemed quite well and happy with me, so I felt comforted again. All the time she never asked after Robin. I looked after her till the following Saturday when Mary said they were going to Ziarat and taking Anne. About four o'clock they went and I never saw them again. The following Wednesday I was attached to a lady, a friend of my own friends, so that I could be looked after, and we went down to Karachi by train.

I think that that train journey was the most trying thing that happened after the earthquake, as it was the first time we had been shut in anywhere, and what with the noise, vibration (I had a top berth) and the heat, it was a nightmare and I was terrified the whole time. The journey lasted twenty-seven hours, and we got through 300 lb. of ice and five dozen soda waters. There were four grown-ups and a child in the compartment, and the heat was terrific. At Sibi where we arrived at 8.30 p.m. the temperature was 107° in the shade. We reached Karachi at 4.30 p.m. the following day and found it very hot and sticky. After the intense dryness of



Quetta we felt the humid atmosphere very much and just dripped the whole time. At first my companion and I were taken to the Rest Camp as no one had come forward to look after us, and we had tea and stayed there a couple of hours. Then we were told there was accommodation at the Central Hotel, so we went straight there. Several other Quetta families were staying there and it was very comfortable with excellent food. We had very nice rooms on the fourth floor where there was a beautiful cool breeze.

We came Home on the B.I. *Karanja* which had been specially chartered by the Government of India for the refugees. There were 800 passengers on board, mostly the wives and children of the troops. It was called a refugee ship, but it was really an evacuation ship as I believe there were only about fifty people who had been injured or rendered destitute. All the really ill people were kept in Karachi or taken to Lahore by air. Five hundred of the passengers were children all under about five, and out of the seventy first-class, forty were children. There was only one small deck for each class, so there was no peace from morning to night. I slept in the second class but lived in the first. It was very hot. We simply slept on deck all day and went to bed about 9 or 9.30. I did nothing the whole time.

We made a record trip of seventeen days, only calling for a few hours at Port Said. We arrived at Southampton at 6 p.m. on Saturday, July 6, but were not allowed ashore until the Sunday morning from 5 a.m. At 7.30 on the Saturday we were given a Civic Reception and a letter of welcome from Lord Zetland was read by the Mayor and also one from the Borough of Southampton. It was agony being tied up to the quay and having to remain on board, but there were so many formalities to be gone through and the arrangement by the War Office of the railway warrants, etc., had to be seen to as everyone was given a free passage and free rail and transport in the United Kingdom. There were two trains to Waterloo as well as the various conveyances such as lorries, ambulances, etc., for people not going to London. The stretcher cases went straight to Netley Military Hospital, but there were only five or six. The arrangements by the War Office were marvellous, and each member of a certain regiment was met by a representative of that regiment and thoroughly looked after. A detachment of Scots Guards acted as porters at Waterloo. I travelled on the second train arriving at Waterloo at 11.45 and was met by my parents with a car, so soon got home. So ended my first visit to

India, but I was enjoying the life out there so very much that not even the earthquake will prevent me from trying to find another job somewhere in India a little later on, when the memory of this tragic event has become a less vivid nightmare.

*FROM CLEEVE HILL.*

THE pear trees, in white organdy,  
Trip down the Gloucester hills  
While cowslips dot the meadows  
In tiny yellow frills.  
And, rustling in green taffeta,  
The stately beeches sway  
Above the winding twisty lanes  
Touched here and there with may.

So lush and green the orchards are  
Where lazy cattle lie  
And underneath the coppice shade  
The bluebells match the sky  
While Spring unfurls her pennant free  
Bedecked with sprigs of green  
And children tell in whispered tones  
Where fairies may be seen.

Down in the valley where the trees  
Stand by the silver streams  
The mists hang silently and still,  
A gossamer of dreams.  
And Gloucestershire weaves in the sun  
A legend of fair things  
While Beauty walks with stately tread  
And healing 'neath her wings.

HESPER LE GALLIENNE.

## *FLEET STREET: ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

BY ARTHUR DASENT.

IN mediæval days the Cities of London and Westminster were virtually separated from each other so long as the only means of access to the great Benedictine monastery on Thorney Island, which we now know as Westminster, was by the Thames.

Within my recollection watermen still plied for hire until the introduction of steamboats and the formation of the Thames Embankment from Blackfriars to Westminster practically killed their trade. Yet the trophy known as Doggett's Coat and Badge, which was established in 1715 to commemorate the accession of George the First, is still rowed for over the long and tiring course from London Bridge to Chelsea. It was the formation of Fleet Street, and later on, its prolongation westward—the Strand from Temple Bar to Charing Cross—which eventually provided a roadway from the City to the West End.

London is changing fast from year to year, and Fleet Street in particular has now few ancient landmarks within its limits.

The most prominent memorial of a vanished age now left to us is the somewhat over-restored first floor of what is now No. 17 in the street, known as Prince Henry's Chamber. This retains to this day a remarkable plaster ceiling and some contemporary oak panelling.

A rare print of early seventeenth-century date in my possession shows six separate houses hereabouts, of which the westernmost, a double-sized one, included the ancient and still existing gateway of the Inner Temple. [This interesting print bears some resemblance to those old but larger houses in Holborn which have escaped demolition to this day.]

A portion of No. 17, Fleet Street had been the 'Hand Inn,' which is known to have existed so early as 1515, when the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem (who had replaced the original owners, the Knights Templars) removed from Holborn to Fleet Street about the middle of the twelfth century, and it would appear that they owned nearly the whole of the south side of Fleet Street from Serjeants' Inn on the east to Temple Bar on the west. In the

first decade of the nineteenth century No. 17 was occupied by Mrs. Solomon's Waxworks, an earlier Madame Tussaud's, and in my boyhood it was a hairdresser's shop.

The house immediately to the east of Prince Henry's Chamber is now included in Hoare's Bank, and a few doors westwards is another bank, originally Gosling's, but which has recently been absorbed by Barclays, who have wisely preserved in one of its windows the original sign of the three goslings—a reminder of those far-off days when signs were of more importance than numbers to the man in the street.

From an admirable map of medieval Fleet Street in Mr. Bell's history of this celebrated thoroughfare, it would appear that the Church owned nearly the whole of the land both on the north and south sides of the street in the fifteenth century, with the exception of Bridewell, which, once a Royal Palace, became subsequently a prison! Taking the south side first, the Bishop of Salisbury owned the largest of the many episcopal palaces hereabouts. The manorial estate of the See of Sarum included extensive pleasure gardens and even orchards. On the south it reached down to the Thames, by which, no doubt, his Grace was accustomed to be rowed in his sumptuous barge to attend the sittings of the House of Lords at Westminster.

In this connection it is interesting to note how place names endure, for to the present day there is a Salisbury Court and a Salisbury Square hereabouts, which the casual passer-by might well suppose to commemorate the late Marquis of Salisbury rather than an episcopal palace of three centuries earlier date.

Eastward of the former possessions of the See of Sarum stood the Royal Palace of Bridewell, and shortly after the Reformation I find the Abbot of Gloucester living on the north side of Fleet Street, whilst the Bishop of St. David's town house stood immediately to the east of St. Bride's Church.

In the seventeenth century the Anglican bishops followed the Court to Whitehall and its immediate vicinity, but when William the Third removed to Kensington for his health's sake they suddenly discovered that the salubrious air of that agreeable suburb suited them exactly, Kensington Square and its immediate vicinity being amongst their chosen homes.

I will now invite my readers to return to the north side of the 'Street of Ink,' as Fleet Street has not inaptly been rechristened in recent days.

The land on which now stand the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*, in Peterborough Court, really deserves a chapter to itself.

One John Chambers, who died in 1556, was the last Abbot of Peterborough and the first Bishop of the same see when Peterborough was carved out of the huge diocese of Lincoln. A native of Peterborough, Chambers was educated at Oxford and, singularly enough, at Cambridge too. He became a monk in the great Benedictine Abbey of his birthplace, and in the year after his election as Abbot he entertained Cardinal Wolsey, who was then making what proved to be his last progress through his Northern Province. The Cardinal kept Easter at Peterborough in great state, but after his fall from power Chambers is described by a contemporary writer as 'a safe and conformable person,' who by timely acquiescence contrived to maintain his position more or less unimpaired until his death in 1556.

When Dr. Layton, the unscrupulous agent of Henry VIII, was at Ramsey Abbey, the King had already marked Peterborough as his next victim.

Chambers now deemed it expedient to confer with William Parr (Queen Katherine of Arragon's brother, who in after years became the first Marquis of Northampton), in the hope of averting dispossession by wholesale bribery. This he was enabled to do with ease, as his total emoluments amounted to about £10,000 a year of the present value of money. If only the Abbey Church were spared Chambers was able to promise that the King should enjoy the entire proceeds of the monastic estates 'for one year,' in addition to which Cromwell should receive £500 as a solatium. Accordingly the Abbey was surrendered to the King in 1539, Chambers being appointed 'guardian of the temporalities,' with an annual pension of £266 13s. 4d. and a hundred loads of wood.

In 1541 letters patent under the Crown were issued which converted the Abbey of Peterborough into a cathedral church, the King, it is said, by a tardy act of repentance, erecting therein 'a noble monument' to his first wife who had been buried at Peterborough in 1536.

Chambers was consecrated in the Abbey in 1541, and lived through the reigns of both Edward VI and Mary I. He therefore saw the solemnisation of the Mass restored, after calmly acquiescing in the march of events just as he had done in the former changes of ritual. Dying in 1556, 'in good and perfect memory,' we are told, he was buried in the choir of Peterborough a month later.

Not one, but two monuments to his memory were destroyed by the Puritans in the Civil Wars. The first of these, which was put up by himself, was engraved with a fulsome epitaph of his own composition.

Returning to the north side of Fleet Street, it is of interest to note that a subterranean vaulted chamber, probably of early fifteenth-century design, exists to this day and is used as the cellar of the 'Cheshire Cheese,' the long-established tavern and chop-house famous for generations for the excellence of its beefsteak and kidney puddings.

As is well known, Samuel Johnson lived for some years in Gough Square before he migrated to the West End and went to stay with the Thrales in Grosvenor Square, where he had a bedroom always placed at his disposal. But as there are numbers of other taverns in Fleet Street within a few minutes' walk of Gough Square, I am not altogether convinced that the 'Cheshire Cheese' was ever one of the great Cham of Literature's favourite haunts, especially as I have been told that it was not even a licensed house in 1750. If this be true, I very much doubt if the great Samuel would have patronised an eating-house where he could not be served with a glass of wine.

However this may be, I believe that at least half a dozen chairs on which Samuel is reported to have sat, at one time or another, have found their way to the United States, each one of them declared by the vendor to have been the identical chair on which Johnson habitually sat!

Another stumbling-block to visitors with a laudable taste for the antique is in the ceiling in the large dining-room on the ground floor of the 'Rainbow' tavern, on the south side of Fleet Street. The original one, of massive oak, was sold some years ago and taken to the United States by a rich American, who gave a large sum for it, and moreover provided the funds for an exceedingly good plaster reproduction of the original.

There is to this day a fine oak mantelpiece in an upper room of the 'Cock' tavern, which is believed to have been established in 1549.

Fleet Street and its tributaries are now the centre of the newspaper world of London. Yet centuries before daily newspapers were even thought of the street housed within its limits numbers of printers, stationers, booksellers and printsellers, especially at its western end.



Richard Pynson, at the sign of the George, beside St. Dunstan's Church, published in 1497 an edition of Terence—the first Latin classic to be printed in England.

John Smetwick, whose shop adjoined the church of St. Dunstan's, was one of a group of booksellers at whose costs, charges and expenses the first folio of Shakespeare was published in 1623.

Another old Fleet Street bookseller was Richard Marriott, who sold the first edition of Isaac Walton's *Compleat Angler* here—at eighteenpence a copy! What would it fetch to-day? Perhaps two thousand times that sum!

One Matthias Walker was one of three timid publishers who screwed up their united courage to print and publish Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and there were several other booksellers and publishers in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Dunstan's whose names it is not possible for me to include here. Doubtless the proximity of the Inns of Court was responsible for the plethora of booksellers in ancient Fleet Street, for the members of the long robe are proverbially voracious readers in their hours of leisure.

The old clock of St. Dunstan's was removed in 1830, to be re-erected by the then Marquis of Hertford at his Villa in the Regent's Park. As I write these words it has at long last been brought back to Fleet Street, in proximity to a statue of Queen Elizabeth which formerly graced old Lud Gate, and adjoining these relics of the past a medallion portrait of Alfred Harmsworth, the founder of the *Daily Mail*, has recently been added.

The John Murray of Byron's time was born in Fleet Street, and lived in it until 1812, when he removed to Albemarle Street, the head of the firm having been ever since the doyen of London publishers. The third, I think it was, of the name, with whom my father was intimate, once asked him to guess who had been their greatest asset in the monetary sense. 'I will tell you,' he added, 'that the name began with a B.' My father, of course, suggested Byron's name, only to be told that he was wrong. 'You will never guess the writer's name, but it was *Mrs. Beaton's Cookery Book* which proved a more paying venture than any other writer.'

Crossing now to the north side of the street, and the newspaper world, the present office of the *Daily Telegraph*—the first of all the London papers to be published at a penny—deserves to be mentioned at some length in any historical account of Fleet Street.

In 1855 two brothers of the name of Levy, with no previous experience of the newspaper world, bought from Mr. Serjeant Sleigh

a paper called the *Daily Telegraph*, which was then in a moribund condition, there being something less than five pounds in the cash-box when the Levys took the paper over. The elder of these was a manufacturer of printers' ink who carried on business in Bouverie Street, nearly opposite the present palatial offices of the newspaper which can claim, and I believe justly, to enjoy the largest circulation of any newspaper in the United Kingdom.

A few doors farther eastward in Fleet Street is the ugliest modern building in all the street, an inky black glass monstrosity which houses the *Daily Express*. Farther eastward still is a small but well-designed building of red brick with the sign of the poppinjay, at the corner of Poppins Court, which may once have been a tavern.

The first issue of the *Daily Telegraph* was on Friday, June 29, 1855, so that it is now an octogenarian organ of public opinion. It was printed in Exeter Street and published at 253, Strand for some years before the offices of the paper were removed to Fleet Street. The advertisements, at first very few in number, were confined to the front page. The new proprietors promptly reduced its price to one penny—it had been twopence in Serjeant Sleight's short day, and it was the first morning newspaper in London to be published at so low a price. [The now defunct evening *Globe*, if I remember rightly, was also a penny paper, whilst the *Echo* and the *Star* were both originally sold at a halfpenny.]

On Friday, September 14, 1855, the *Daily Telegraph* announced that 'on and from Monday next,' though the price would be reduced, 'the same quality of matter as at present' would be continued. This radical change was somewhat of a shock to *The Times*, the *Morning Post*, and other old-established organs of public opinion, and especially annoying to Printing House Square when two days after its reduction in price the *Daily Telegraph* was able to congratulate its readers on the fact that it had been enabled to narrate the state of affairs at Sebastopol and to place in the possession of the public valuable information from the seat of war, nearly a fortnight earlier than *The Times* had been able to communicate the same to its subscribers.

And even if they did occasionally contravene the amenities which usually existed between the older organs of public opinion, the new proprietors, by perfectly legitimate methods, gradually built up what is the most valuable asset to any newspaper, a gigantic advertisement business. This the *Daily Telegraph* still retains, in spite of insidious attempts on the part of its imitators to wrest this

great initial advantage from it. In its earliest issues the new proprietors proclaimed their readiness to accept advertisements at half the rates then charged by *The Times*. The bait took, though not without creating something approaching consternation in Printing House Square and in Wellington Street, where the *Morning Post*, one of the oldest London daily newspapers, was then published.

From the sixties onwards the circulation of the *Daily Telegraph* increased by leaps and bounds, owing to an immediate response on the part of the advertising public to these counsels of perfection. In the days of its youth the organ of the Levy Lawson family was read from Wimbledon to Whitechapel, and its purchasers took kindly from the first to the roaring of the 'young lions' of Peterborough Court, as they were facetiously termed in Fleet Street.

Whilst the abolition of the paper duty greatly stimulated journalistic enterprise, it must not be supposed that the collection and transmission of news, apart from advertisements, was ever neglected by its astute owners. On the contrary, they attracted to their service a retinue of picturesque if somewhat sensational writers, working in harmony with one another, who studied the idiosyncrasies of an ever-increasing circle of readers, educated by imperceptible stages to believe that what the *Daily Telegraph* had to tell them from day to day was the very latest news obtainable. Constantly introducing new features of interest by devoting more and more space to the drama, the turf, and the artistic world than was then customary in contemporary journalism, the favourite organ of Suburbia (if such a word were to be found outside Peterborough Court in its earlier days), the first of the penny newspapers gradually attained a wider influence and importance.

For many years the articles on sport have been ably written by a contributor with the *nom de plume* of 'Hotspur,' or rather, strictly speaking, several 'Hotspurs.' This reminds me that once when the sporting contributor was temporarily absent from his post his *locum tenens* startled the editor by confidently predicting that the Duke of Westminster's *Bend Or* would win the City and Suburban, which indeed he did, though he started at comparatively long odds. On being congratulated by the editor-in-chief on his prevision, he said, 'Well, I must confess that I don't know very much about racing, but as I knew that *Bend Or* won the Derby last year, I thought he could win any other race, and it seems that I was right.'

The foundations of the great commercial enterprise so well and

truly laid by the brothers Levy were strengthened in more recent times by a broader outlook on public affairs and the generally sound political instincts developed by the first Lord Burnham. A true friend and a generous employer, he strengthened the position of his paper by securing correspondents of tried capacity, in some cases recruited from Printing House Square.

Mention of *The Times* induces me to record that John Delane, the greatest editor that paper has ever had, lived at No. 16, Serjeants' Inn (a quiet backwater in the ever-increasing stream of traffic between Temple Bar and Ludgate Hill) for thirty years, 1847 to 1877. My personal recollections of Fleet Street began with periodical visits to my uncle's house before I went to Eton. With one exception, to be mentioned hereafter, Delane's household was well-ordered, some of his domestic servants staying with him for thirty years and more.

Many of the best-known men of the Victorian age, professional and social, sat at his hospitable board, as did such notorious *bons vivants* as the Rothschilds, and Royalty itself. And à propos of the latter, the following anecdote has not hitherto appeared in print. It so happened that in his later years Delane had been advised by his doctor (Quain) not to drink champagne but only claret and still white wines. When his youngest brother, Colonel Walter Delane, who had just returned from India, came to dine *tête à tête* in Serjeants' Inn, a bottle of champagne was opened to celebrate the occasion, but Delane's surprise may be imagined when the Colonel exclaimed: 'My dear John, where *did* you get this wine from? It really isn't fit to drink, and I should have thought it came from the nearest grocer's shop had I not known that you have always dealt with Christopher's in Pall Mall.' 'My dear Walter,' said his brother, 'I am glad you told me, because the Duke of Cambridge is dining here to-morrow and it would never have done to poison him with grocers' stuff.' It transpired that Delane's butler, finding that his master no longer drank champagne, had sold most of what there was in the cellar and drunk the rest, as he was shrewd enough to guess that none of Delane's guests would be likely to expose the deception he had practised on the great editor. It is needless to add that Delane promptly looked out for another butler and that no such *contretemps* recurred in his well-ordered household.

After his retirement from *The Times*, Delane spent the short remainder of his life at Ascot Heath, where he died on November 22,

1879, and was buried with his forbears at Easthampstead, a parish in Windsor Forest where much of his youth had been spent and which he loved with all his heart.

Of Delane it may truly be said, in bidding farewell to Fleet Street, that his works do follow him, for are they not enshrined in the columns of the great newspaper which it was his pride and his good fortune to raise to unexampled excellence and prosperity.

### GALE.

THE wet south gales leap starward with a cry  
And shadows of the ancient boughs of kings  
Reel in dark thunder, with a flight of things  
That go like bats against the lattice by.  
We are life's phantoms! scream the voices high  
That straight are borne upon the moaning wings  
Of trees stripped bare of all apparellings,  
Torn from the branch—leaves fallen that shall die.

So those within who cluster round the fire  
Speak with a quaver as they trim the light:—  
‘On what faint, strange, yet unforgetful shore  
Do those awaken who are now no more?’—  
Old folk who peer a moment through the night  
And then let fall the curtain, and retire.

KAREN BEREDA.

*Vevey, Switzerland.*

## *IN THE MIDDLE WATCH.*

A TRUE STORY.

BY T. WOODROOFFE.

A STRONG Easterly gale blowing against the ebb tide had raised an awkward lumpy sea, making the Officer of the Middle Watch very anxious for the safety of the picket boat, which was threatening at any moment to rise on some higher wave and crash up into the boom to which it was made fast. He paced the dark quarter-deck with the wind howling about his ears, cursing his luck that in the very first watch he should be called upon to keep in this, his new ship, it should choose to blow a gale. He was in two minds whether to send the picket boat into the Dockyard for the night, or not. With his collar turned up round his ears and his hands stuck deep into his pockets he stared gloomily into the darkness, then up at the lowering sky; every now and again he stepped out on to the upper platform of the starboard gangway from where, because it jutted out over the ship's side, he could see how the boat was riding without having to make a journey forward. She seemed to be all right; perhaps he wouldn't send her in just yet, and if he did, should he tell the Commander? Even his short experience told him to let sleeping Commanders lie and tell them in the morning. In any case your head was bound to be bitten off.

Under the lee of the after turret, a little group consisting of the Quartermaster, the Boatswain's Mate, and the Corporal of the Watch were huddled closely together like sheep under a hedge, and were passing the time, until the Boatswain's Mate went up to the galley to get cocoa, in carrying on a one-sided argument as to who should fill the inside-left position in the ship's football team on the coming Saturday. The ship had been beaten the previous afternoon, chiefly owing to the poor shooting of the inside-left, a young marine fresh from the dépôt, with a glowing reputation. Perhaps the rough fields of the North and the unconventional methods of the players in the Fleet had upset this pride of Eastney—the fact remains that he was useless, and the Quartermaster was delivering himself of a long tirade on the iniquity of playing a man



on his reputation alone. The Corporal made several ineffectual attempts to stand up for his corps mate, but his objections were always brushed aside. The Boatswain's Mate added nothing to the conversation; he gazed at his heavy seaboots and loudly sucked his teeth.

The Flag Lieutenant, whose cabin was just under the ladder, let his detective story slide off his bunk to the deck, and, wakened by the noise, switched off the light, turned over, and dropped quickly off to sleep again, thankful that he'd done with watch-keeping for ever.

A few feet farther aft, his lord and master, the Admiral, switched off the light in his much more palatial abode after studying for the twentieth time a letter from his old friend X., now at the Admiralty—a letter which ended, ‘. . . so I think it practically certain, as long as that snake Y. doesn't worm his way in, that you will get China; in fact, you'd better look over your whites.’ China! The Admiral had always wanted one day to be Commander-in-Chief, China; he loved the East and he dropped contentedly off to sleep to dream of subservient Orientals bowing to the might of Britain as exemplified in the person of Sir Hector Blamfield, K.C.M.G., etc., etc.

And so, except for a few sweating stokers down below and some watchkeepers, the whole ship's company slept peacefully, even the erring inside-left, though he stirred restlessly in his unaccustomed hammock.

Now it is a well-worn truism that little things often produce great results; and the fact that the grating on the platform of the starboard accommodation ladder had gradually worked loose owing to a succession of waves hitting up against it from underneath, until it finally disappeared altogether, and floated awkwardly away into the night, might be considered an insufficient reason for turning the peaceful slumbers of a large proportion of the ship's complement into a period of wakeful bedlam. But so it was. This little wooden grating fits into an iron frame which juts out from the ship's side vertically over the water.

The Officer of the Watch, in his ceaseless pacing up and down, stepped out on to the platform for yet another uneasy glance at the picket boat. But instead of the picket boat, he saw a galaxy of stars as something caught him a sickening jolt under the chin. He felt himself dropping through the air; then he felt his right ankle wrenched painfully as he landed smack on his back in the

water, and as he went under he swallowed what seemed to him to be most of the Firth of Forth.

He struggled madly for a second or two, but his right foot was firmly trapped ; he had not the vaguest notion what had happened, but dizzy and breathless as he was, he managed to get his head above water, and, what is more, to keep it there by reaching forward and grabbing a stay, though every second or so a wave would come with a threatening swish and break over his head to leave him gasping. At last he realized more or less what had happened. He could just make out the dim outline of the ladder above him. He was continually washed against the side of the ship by succeeding seas ; his right foot in its leather seaboot was tightly wedged between the side and one of the iron stays supporting the bottom of the ladder. His position, similar to that of an oarsman at the beginning of a stroke, was not one that he could maintain for long. He felt sick and weak ; he struggled ineffectually to clear his foot, but soon gave that up ; once, he let go his hold, only to submerge immediately, and he regained his precarious position with difficulty. ' Help, help,' he shouted feebly, but his voice was blown away by the gale so that no trace of its mournful wail reached the ears of the little group on the other side of the turret. The howling wind and the ' crash, crash, swish ' of the breaking waves drowned his cries or made them sound like the plaintive croak of some wakeful gull.

He felt that at any moment he would have to let go and then it would be all up with him ; he was getting numbed by the cold and he wondered if drowning were the pleasant death everyone stoutly maintained that it was, though most of the upholders of the theory he reflected, could not abide a ducking. He had just decided that it was about time his past life did something about flashing by him, when he was startled to hear a grunt up above and something like a bare foot hit him hard between the eyes and nearly stunned him. He felt as if his neck were broken. He took another draught of the Firth as he lost his hold and went under. By a supreme effort he managed to raise himself again, but his brain refused to work ; he could not think what had hit him or why ; he just felt cold and deadly, deadly tired and very sick. Someone seemed to be swimming away from the ship ; he must be getting delirious ; swish !—another mouthful ; his ankle was hurting now. What an absurd death, drowning a few feet from hundreds of his fellow beings—he was inches, no, only one inch, just the thickness of the plate of the ship's side from some sleeping

shipmate—it was fantastic, it was unfair. He tried to hammer with his fist against the iron plate in a despairing effort to wake someone. He hammered madly, he screamed. Then he subsided and was on the point of bursting into tears when something again, and very similar, hit him bang between the eyes. This was too much. He let go and drifted away into unconsciousness.

. . . . .

The Flag Lieutenant, always a light sleeper, stirred restlessly. Then he woke up and listened. A voice was calling something. He sat up fully awake and turned on the light over his head. It was not coming from the flat outside; it sounded like a feeble cry for help far away; yes, there it was again. He opened his scuttle and peered out into the darkness. The light from his cabin threw a feeble beam over the water, lighting up the white crest of a muddy-brown wave as it hissed past him down the ship's side. He could see nobody, but he heard the cry again. Somebody was out there in the ditch, and that somebody appeared to be drowning. He leaped out of bed and rushed up on to the quarterdeck in his pyjamas. He was almost blown back down the ladder by the chilly blast that met him. He peered through the inky blackness and then, more by instinct than anything else, ran quickly to the starboard ladder, his bare feet just missing deckbolts and other obstructions on the way.

As he stepped out on to the platform, he was hit on the side of the head, a brutally hard object caught him in the ribs, his foot met something soft and cold and then he found himself under the iciest water he had ever known. He kicked vigorously and came up gasping and dizzy. He could not make out what had happened. He had some hazy notion that the ship had blown up. All he was certain of was that he had fallen overboard most inexplicably, and he remembered the dictum that if you fall overboard you should swim away from the ship's side at once to avoid being mashed up by the propellers. Quite forgetting that the ship was at anchor, he struck out lustily and in a few seconds was some way from the ship. Then he started to collect his wits and remembered the cries for help. He turned. There was the dark mass looming up. He began to swim back.

. . . . .

A thousand supplicating Orientals were crying for mercy, their foreheads beating the ground with every prayer. Then the scene

focussed on one particularly miserable object who beat his breast, whacked his forehead on the ground, and with every prostration cried out—oddly enough in English—‘Help . . . Help.’ Then, the Admiral woke up. But there was a faint cry of a sort. The Admiral cocked his ear. Yes. There it was. He wondered angrily who in thunder had fallen overboard and why no one seemed to be doing anything about it. What was the Service coming to? Here was his flagship with people drowning all round, and apparently not a dam’ soul cared a hoot. The Admiral, when roused, moved quickly and liked to see to things for himself, as not a few of his juniors knew to their cost. He was known irreverently but affectionately as ‘Old Fireworks’ by the little group behind the turret, and when he was living up to his name the crew of the flagship, though outwardly terrified, secretly used to be filled with admiration at the wealth of his vocabulary. He boiled over with rage and, jumping out of his handsome brass bedstead, streaked past an astonished sentry outside the cabin, who swallowed his fag-end in his fright, and clumped heavily up the ladder.

He stepped out into the cold darkness and bellowed for the Officer of the Watch. But there was no answering cry of ‘Sir,’ and the scurry of hurrying feet. He grew rapidly angrier and thundered out again, but his voice, even his, was powerless against the gale, and it tailed away down wind.

The Quartermaster’s monologue was only half-done, he was well into his stride.

‘This ship’s dam’ slack,’ thought the Admiral, as he made his way blasphemously to the starboard ladder. Again the faint cry met his ears and he too stepped out on to the platform to see if he could make out anything. He felt suddenly as if he had stepped into a lift that happened not to be there, and his remarks were cut short by the saltiest and nastiest water he had ever tasted. He came up blowing like a whale with a resolution that he’d have everybody’s blood for this, starting with his Flag Captain and ending with the ship’s cat. Then he felt something in the water beside him. He felt round until he grasped the bottom of the ladder, and found an inert somebody who appeared to have no interest in the proceedings. He got the corpse, as he supposed, on to the lower platform by an effort, and peered into the face of a total stranger. ‘Who are you,’ he said, ‘what are you doing here?’ He could not for the life of him make out how someone

quite unknown could happen to drown at the foot of the gangway reserved exclusively for his own use.

Just as he was clambering on to the ladder himself he heard the sounds of someone swimming towards the ship and was astounded to see his Flag Lieutenant appearing out of the darkness as if he had been for a bathe. The Admiral blinked, and the thought shot through his mind that perhaps he'd better cut down his brandy a bit after dinner.

'I've been over the side, sir,' announced the new-comer superfluously, spitting out mouthfuls of water between the words.

'So it seems,' replied the Admiral, convinced that Flags had gone quite mad. 'Anyhow, if you've had enough you'd better give me a hand here.'

Flags scrambled out and caught sight of the corpse who at that moment sat up and was sick.

'Who the hell is it?' asked the Admiral. 'Where's everybody? What is all this midnight bathing? Where have you been?'

'Don't know him from Adam, sir,' said Flags through chattering teeth. Then he gazed dumbly at the apparition whom he failed to recognize by the fitful gleams of the moon.

'Who are you, dammit? What are you doing here?' went on the Admiral, growing more and more furious. He was chilled and shaken and seemed to have burst into a bathing party of lunatics.

The Officer of the Watch opened his eyes and gazed at these two apparitions in dripping pyjamas with a puzzled stare. He was promptly sick again.

Between them they got him up the ladder and safely across the gaping man-trap at the top, on to the quarterdeck. Here the Admiral was on his home ground and let himself go like a bull moose.

'Officer of the Watch! Quartermaster! Boatswain's Mate!' he bellowed. 'What's up with this — ship? Where's anybody at all?'

A faint rumble caused the Quartermaster to halt for a moment in the enunciation of his theories on team building.

'Wot was that, Stripey?' he asked the Corporal.

'Dunno. Sounds like it was someone calling.'

'O.O.W. mos' likely. Wants 'is cocoa. 'Arf a mo'.'

The Quartermaster walked serenely round the turret, and to his

horror saw some ghostly figures at the gangway. He stopped, a horrible crinkly sensation creeping down his spine. From the remarks that issued from one of them they appeared to have come straight from the nether regions. He swallowed hard; reminded himself that he was living in enlightened days and went slowly up to see who it was.

Then he gave a horrified gasp. Holding a dripping and unconscious Officer of the Watch in one hand and waving the other over his head was the Admiral, and in pyjamas!

'Cripes!' he ejaculated, 'it's Old Fireworks,' and fled.

He ran forward along the battery, and, feeling that he ought to do something more constructive and actuated by the memory of dripping, excited figures at the gangway, called away the lifeboat. 'Man Overboard. Awaaaay lifeboat's crew,' he piped as he ran.

'My sacred aunt,' roared the Admiral, 'everyone's gone insane. I'll have the whole ship under arrest.' He shook the Officer of the Watch fiercely and again bellowed at him, 'Who the hell *are* you, sir?'

'Smith, sir,' replied the mystified unfortunate, 'I think I must have fallen overboard.'

'Think?' shouted his rescuer. 'Here, Flags, for God's sake go and find someone sane.'

The Flag Lieutenant agreed that someone else ought to be dragged into this. He was just recovering from the shock of meeting his Admiral in dripping pyjamas sitting on the bottom of the ladder swearing at a perfect stranger. He burst into the Commander's cabin. The Commander turned on his light and sat up. He saw Flags trying to say something; he was dripping wet and bleeding profusely from a cut on the side of the head.

'I've been over the side and so has the Admiral,' he blurted out.

The Commander felt for his bell and surreptitiously rang for the sentry.

'Quite, quite. That's all right, old man. Now you just sit down quietly here and you'll be all right in a jiffy. You wait here a second and I'll get the doctor.' He jumped out of bed and made for the door. At that moment Flags crumpled up into a heap on the deck of the cabin in a pool of salt water and blood. Flags had fainted.

'Something dashed odd been happening here,' thought the Commander, and telling the sentry who had just appeared to get the Surgeon Commander, he ran up on deck.



Then he thought that he too must have gone mad. The quarter-deck lights were on and showed the Admiral, whose usually purple face had by now gone a bright blue, holding up a drooping Officer of the Watch and bellowing like a wounded buffalo. The lifeboat had just let go the falls and was being pulled lustily down to the gangway by a tousle-headed crew in underpants and flannels, with their lifebelts on anyhow.

He ran over to the Admiral and stood at a safe distance.

'Who's this Smith?' asked the Admiral fiercely.

'That's the Officer of the Watch, sir,' replied the Commander, mystified.

'Then what the Hades is he doing sitting in the ditch all night? Don't go near the gangway, the grating's out.'

At this moment the Quartermaster appeared looking rather like an early Christian at the entrance to the arena.

'There's the lunatic,' roared the Admiral. 'Commander, that man is insane. He is not responsible. He must be put under restraint. I no sooner rescue this Smith than this other idiot must disappear yelling, "Man Overboard." I've had enough. I'm going below. I'll want an explanation of all this in the morning.'

He stumped off below, shouting for his steward. 'Hot brandy, hot blankets, hot-water bottles,' he ordered as he disappeared into his cabin.

The lifeboat made fast and its crew found their hammocks again. Another Officer of the Watch appeared, and gradually peace was restored. Peace for all, except for the Surgeon who had to solve the problem of warding off apoplexy and double pneumonia from an impatient Sir Hector.

By the morning, the Admiral, who had cured himself by consuming vast quantities of old brandy, felt in a more equable frame of mind. He realized that he had a story that he could use whenever he dined out.

The incident was considered closed.

## TALES OF A GUIDE.

BY THURSTAN TOPHAM.

### VI. THE INDIAN SIGN.

*Fishing is a sport full of peculiarities. For instance, on some days one man appears to get his own share of bad luck and that of everyone else too. Shaw was having such a day. He had lost a spare tip overboard to begin with. Then he got sand in his reel, and it had to be unscrewed, being an old-fashioned one. The trout seemed to depart from his section of the lake as soon as he began to cast, and the only fish he hooked all day—a large one—got away with his cast and flies. He finished by falling in off a slippery log. When we came in for supper, somebody said during the meal that Shaw must have had the 'Indian Sign' on him. That is a common Canadian figure of speech applied to bad luck.*

*We began to discuss the origin of the expression ; and were still on the topic when Pete entered to fill up the big oil lamp. He listened to the talk and then remarked, ' My gran'fader tole me 'bout man w'at got de Indian Sign ; veree bad t'ing, dat ! You want for hear 'bout heem ? '*

*' BIEN, my gran'fader tole me some fonny t'ing, mebbe 'e jus' say dat for scare me w'en I am small boy, but 'e say dat eet's no lie.*

*He say, wan tam' he get hire' by Englishman w'at come on de fores' for feesh an' hunt. Dat man's name' Bevan. He's beeg feller, plenty money. Hee's got de queeck tempaire, an' 'e don't want no h'argument w'en he's decide for do somet'ing. But my gran'fader say he's not de bad feller w'en he get for know heem an' after w'ile he fin' out dat's bes' for leesten w'at my gran'fader say sometam'.*

*My gran'fader he's paddle de canoe and he's h'all de same lak' guide. Wan night, day mak' de camp on small lake, an' dey buil' de fire on de beach, cook some food. All on de sudden, dere ees ole Indian stan' by de fire. Dey don' 'ear heem come, but he's stan' dere, don' say not'ing, jus' look on de fire. Sapré, he's veree ole man, mebbe hundred year', mebbe more ! Den he seet down on de groun', wrap de blanket 'roun' de shoulder, make small noise lak'*

de grunt. He put out de han' from de blanket, eet's look lak' de claw, an' he say, "*Tabac?*"

Bevan, he look lak' he get mad an' my gran'fader tole heem don't insult de ole Indian, because dat's a medicine man for sure; more bettaire geef heem some *tabac* lak' he h'ask. So Bevan t'row packet of *tabac* on de groun' an' my gran'fader peeck eet up an' gave eet on de Indian.

He light de pipe, don't say not'ing, onlee grunt an' puff on de pipe. Bevan h'ask heem pretty rough w'y he don't say *merci* for de *tabac*. Indian onlee grunt. Bevan call heem oglee ole somet'ing, tole heem get to H——ll off de camp; he say he smell bad also.

De Indian get on de feet wit' de scowl on de face an' he ees gone jus' lak' he ees arrive, don't make no soun'. Bevan say don't leave not'ing loose on de camp, mebbe de ole man steal somet'ing. My gran'fader tole Bevan 'ow he should not spik rough on de ole Indian, more bettaire geef 'im small *cadeau* so he weel be frien'. Bevan say he don't want heem for frien' an' eef he catch heem 'roun' de camp he geef heem somet'ing bad for remembraire so he don't come back!

An' dey go for sleep, but on de *matin* w'en dey 'ave de brekfas', de ole Indian he ees come back. My gran'fader say for Bevan geef heem small *cadeau*. So Bevan say, "All right, you geef heem, an' tole heem dat's all he weel get; go 'way an' don't bodder us no more. You mak' heem onderstan'!"

So my gran'fader geef heem leetle sugar, leetle salt, leetle tea; an' tole heem go 'way. De ole Indian, he take de packet', he grunt an' scowl on de face, an' he wave de han' lak' he h'order *dem* for go, Bevan an' my gran'fader. D'en he spik, an' my gran'fader don't onderstan' everyt'ing, but eet seem lak' he say for tole Bevan he mus' not stop on de lake because dat's place w'ere dere ees beeg *Manitou*, an' de ole Indian, he's lak' de pries' an' de lake she ees all de same lak' de church for heem.

But Bevan won't make no nevaire min' for dat, because dere ees some beeg feesh jomp on de lake an' he go for catch some, an' my gran'fader he paddle de canoe. W'en dey come back on de camp, dey fin' two, t'ree small t'ing ees gone. Bevan say, "All right! Dees tam' eef dat ole t'ee come back I feex heem good. I put de jolop in somet'ing w'ere he fin' eet. W'en he got de cramp an' pain een de stomach dat weel cure heem." So Bevan put de jolop in some molasses, w'ere eet won't make no taste. Den dey go on de canoe an' paddle roun' de point. Bevan get out from de

canoe an' sneak back t'rough de bush, so he can watch. He lie quiet on de bush, an' dat's not very long de ole Indian he's back, look 'roun'. Soon he fin' dere ees nobody on de camp. He go in de tent. Bevan wait. De ole Indian come out, he's leek on de finger, smack de lip. He got de jolop for sure. He walk near w'ere Bevan ees 'ide; an' jus' w'en he pass, he see beeg dead frog on de groun' w'at he ben' down for look close, an' Bevan he jomp out from de bush an' keeck heem behin' an' de ole man fall on de face.

He's mad lak' de devil w'en he get on de feet, an' Bevan laugh at heem an' say, "I tole you keep 'way!" He walk off, but jus' before he ees *disparu* on de bush he turn 'roun' an' say some word, Indian talk. Bevan peeck up de bull-frog an' t'row eet, an' eet hit de ole man on de face. An' he jus' peeck up de frog an' go 'way. Bevan tole my gran'fader all w'at 'appen, an' my gran'fader say eet was not good t'ing for do, dat Indian medicine man bad feller for make enemy.

An' de nex' day, de Indian ees not come back. Bevan laugh an' say dat jolop keep heem *occupé*. But on de night w'en he go for get on de blanket', he fin' two bull-frog' is dere, w'at crawl on de leg, scare heem. Dat's not nice, for fin' col' bull-frog' on de bed.

An' dat ees onlee de start. In de *matin* w'en he get up an' walk for swim in de lake 'e ees trod on wan more frog, an' w'en he ees in de water de frog' ees swim all 'roun', hundred frog', mebbe. An' he fin' dere ees dead frog hang on de tent pole, outside. My gran'fader don' lak' dat, he tole Bevan de ole Indian put some sign on heem. He say de bes' t'ing ees for go 'way from dat lake *tout-de-suite*.

But Bevan he's dat kin' of a man, he say dat no ole Indian ees go for scare heem wit' de dead frog an' dat's good lake for feesh, 'e weel stay so long as he want. But he keep look on de bush all de tam' lak' he's worry.

An' all de day, de frog' ees 'roun', plenty too moch frog', an' dey make lots noise, sing an' croak lak' dey ees crazy! On de night eet's de wors', nobody can go for sleep. At las' Bevan get up from de blanket', he say he's go for drive de frog' off, an' he go out from de tent.

My gran'fader he stay on de tent, an' he tole me jus' so soon as Bevan ees go, all de frog' stop de noise. But Bevan don' come back. My gran'fader wait some tam', mebbe ten minute', mebbe more. An' de frog' ees all *tranquil*, an' Bevan don't come back at all.

So my gran'fader t'ink he bettaire go for see. He put on some clo'es an' take de gun, an' he go out. De moon she's shine bright, but he don't see de Englishman now'ere.

An' all on de sudden he hear de frog' once more. De noise, eet's not on de lake, eet's seem lak' eet's come from small distance on de bush, up de trail w'ere de Indian go. So my gran'fader, he don't lak' for go verree moch, but he start down de trail an' dat noise from de frog' she's get more loud, more wors' as before. An' pretty soon he hear Bevan shout lak' he's 'fraid. So he make hurree on de trail. And he come w'ere dere ees small pond, wit' de muskeg all roun' de edge. He see Bevan in de muskeg, close on de water, an' de mud eet's up over hees wais'. Dat's bad place for get stuck, eef you get on dat bog nobody see you no more. An' all 'roun' w'ere Bevan ees stuck in de muskeg ees so many beeg bull-frog' lak' you nevaire see! My gran'fader ees scare for sure. 'E say all de groun' ees *couvert* wit' de frog', an' all de tam' dose frog' sing an' croak, an' creep more near for Bevan. An' Bevan scream an' make de groan.

An' jus' dat moment my gran'fader see de ole Indian. He stan' on some rock' near de pond an' my gran'fader ron queeck wit' de gun an' he point dat on de Indian an' he say for stop dat beezness queeck. An' de ole Indian don't lak' for look down de muzzle on de gun too moch. So he nod de head an' take somet'ing from leetle bag w'at ees hang' on de belt, an' he t'row dat on de pond an' he wave hees han' aroun', an' he mak' fonny noise; he's sing all de same lak' he's frog.

An' de frog' don't make no more noise an' my gran'fader ron back queeck an' all de frog' is *parti*. An' he break down de small tree an' he pull Bevan out from de bog. An' dat man, he don't want for stay wan minute. My gran'fader, 'e's de same! So dey go queeck for pack up de tent and put 'eem on de canoe an' dey go 'way from dere. Nevaire go back no more. Dat was w'at de Indian do for dem, my gran'fader say, an' he tole me for nevaire get mix' up wit' no Indian medicine man!'

Montreal.

(Concluded.)

### THE RUNNING BROOKS.

*As Time Went On* : Ethel Smyth (Longmans, 15s. n.).

*Highland Homespun* : Margaret Mary Leigh (Bell, 8s. 6d. n.).

*The Southern Gates of Arabia* : Freya Stark (Murray, 16s. n.).

*Rodeo : Collected Tales and Sketches* : R. B. Cunninghame Graham (Heinemann, 8s. 6d. n.).

*The World Over* : Edith Wharton (D. Appleton-Century Co., 7s. 6d. n.).

*Miss Linsey and Pa* : Stella Gibbons (Longmans, 7s. 6d. n.).

*The Seething African Pot* : Daniel Thwaite (Constable, 7s. 6d. n.).

*Good Talk : A Study of the Art of Conversation* : Esmé Wingfield-Stratford (Lovat Dickson, 6s. n.).

*A History of Grosvenor Square* : Arthur Irwin Dasent (Macmillan, 15s. n.).

THE three books which head our list this month, different though they are in subject, have two common characteristics. In each case the author is a woman (and no ordinary woman either), each of whom has achieved conspicuous success in pursuits that, little more than a couple of generations ago, were regarded as outside the scope of feminine capacity.

Of the three, the name of Dame Ethel Smyth, as composer and conductor, is probably the most widely familiar to the general public. Moreover, her earlier books, particularly 'Impressions that Remained,' secured her instant recognition and appreciation as one whose pen was inspired by no less significant and creative force than her bâton. The passing of years, financial reverses, and the sincerely to be regretted disability of increasing deafness have now denied Dame Ethel the fellowship of music. *As Time Went On*, the present sequel to her earlier autobiography, leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that nothing short of the ultimate silence will ever rob its author of her humour, her 'proneness to new passions and grand discoveries,' her brilliant power of verbal portraiture, or the ability 'to begin life all over again an unlimited number of times.' It is an absorbing book, the balance between reticence and frankness so delicately held as to shame curiosity and movingly reveal a love-story whose poignancy is intensified by the simplicity and directness of its telling. Yet Dame Ethel never overemphasises a tragic or emotional note. She strikes them, it is true, but only as they elucidate or complete 'the tune life is always making up in one's heart.' An intensely vital, often very amusing, shrewd and generous-spirited book enriched with many memorable portraits.



Miss Margaret Mary Leigh's *Highland Homespun* is also to some extent a 'self-portrait,' since no author could have written so realistic and delightful a record of a year's strenuous work without illuminating many aspects of his or her personality. This is not, as Miss Leigh tells us, a book about the Highlands, but one 'written at the kitchen table of a Highland farm, and describing the life that is lived there.' As such it is neither picturesque nor 'pretty'; but it is often beautiful. And even in these days to work a hundred-acre, nearly derelict farm within sight of Skye 'very much as it would have been worked in the days of Abraham'; to adjust a 'foreign'—and a female—personality to the immemorial traditions and characteristics of Gaelic fellow-workers, and to set the whole strange, frequently exasperating, splendid experience down so that the record lives from month to month is no mean achievement.

Miss Freya Stark, the third of these women-authors whose remarkable abilities, apart from their literary skill, have carried them outside the rut of commonplace feminine endeavour, is neither musician nor farmer, but, as those who read her widely appreciated 'Valleys of the Assassins' will recall, an intrepid traveller and explorer. She has now followed up that delectable volume with an account of yet another 'solo' expedition, this time through *The Southern Gates of Arabia*. The book is beautifully illustrated with numerous photographs taken by the author, who proclaims her preference for donkeys over camels as a means of transport because it is easier to slip off them in order to manipulate a camera. But, enchanting as are these pictures of storied buildings, often suggestive in their clean-cut height and brilliant lighting of a New York skyline in miniature, the even more compelling fascination of the book lies in its wonderfully graphic account of Miss Stark's amazing, hazardous journey by the ages-old route of the incense merchants, along whose course, unrecorded centuries before Christ, 'the riches of Asia travelled . . . the Arabian empires rose and fell.' Her hope was to visit Shabwa, capital of the Hadhramaut, the key-district of the ancient, aromatic trade. But, though serious illness prevented her reaching that city of the sixty temples, the vast amount of information obtained through her indefatigable observation and research must have compensated in no small measure for this disappointment. For the reader the book is an almost magical blend of beauty, scholarship, humour, and interest. Its spell is as potent as the fumes of lingering incense.

The value of the posthumous publication of *Rodeo*, a collection

of some forty-seven stories and sketches by the late Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham which Mr. A. F. Tschiffely (himself the hero of one of the most dramatic stories here included) has edited with so much affectionate care, is greatly, though most sorrowfully, enhanced by their author's own dedication 'To the Incurious Reader'—almost the last thing he ever wrote. In this, fluttering the pages of what he calls 'these damned proofs,' Mr. Cunninghame Graham travels once more the long slopes of memory, thronged with the magnificent, adventurous, appealing figures of his many tales—'cold, frosty mornings on the southern Pampa, long, stifling rides in Paraguay, rough mountain paths in Mexico and Spain, slow marches in the gloom of tropic forests'—all are here a glorious, ineffaceable monument to a brilliant writer and a prince of gentlemen adventurers.

Another exceedingly interesting volume of short stories by a master of that most difficult art is Mrs. Edith Wharton's *The World Over*. There are only seven of them, but each rivets attention not so much because of what it is about but by reason of the way in which it is told. Nevertheless, they are stories as distinct from mere sketches, stories with bones and body, characterisation and atmosphere. 'Charm Incorporated,' a very amusing yet rather pitiful study of a family of Russian *émigrés*, is perhaps the most nebulous in this respect, yet it lives and glows: there is taut dramatic tension in 'Confession,' a tragic intensity in the occult 'Pomegranate Seed,' and very effective emotional restraint in 'Roman Fever.' Altogether not a book to be missed, particularly by those readers who are interested in methods as well as in results.

Miss Stella Gibbons's *Miss Linsey and Pa* is, I think, her best book since 'Cold Comfort Farm,' even though its structure is a trifle disconnected. But what does that matter when all the scenes and people she evokes—the murky basement, the little north London newspaper shop, the French hairdressing establishment, the room whose tenants are a madman and his imprisoned birds: the middle-aged, shabby Miss Linsey and her inefficient father; her nephew Len with his inferiority complex; Miss Lassiter and her abnormal friend—to mention only some of those who crowd, but never congest, her bright, impressionistic canvas—are drawn with so much insight, wit, and sympathy? A charming book that makes one chuckle, feel sorry and delighted all in one breath, and leaves one wondering how on earth it is that Miss Gibbons manages to keep touch at so many angles with 'common'

people and their common little lives and yet preserve her own clear vision unsullied by cheap cynicism or cheaper patronage.

*The Seething African Pot* by Mr. Daniel Thwaite is, as the publishers describe it, 'a detailed history of Black Nationalism in Africa, from the day of its inception in 1882 up to the present Abyssinian crisis.' It is a disturbing, if in no way sensational, book, and the author has been at pains to examine and set forth as clearly as possible the material collated from his own experiences and travels. Complacent believers in the infallible beneficence of missionary enterprise will doubtless find themselves in violent disagreement with many of his conclusions. Others again may question some of his theories concerning international implications. But even so, the book is an interesting and extremely informative survey of those conditions and movements in which what is known as Ethiopianism originated and developed, and its reading at the present time has in many ways a particular, if tragic, significance.

Mr. Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's *Good Talk* is not so much as might be expected from its title *A Study of the Art of Conversation* as of its history which he traces from the first sounds made by man's monkey-ancestors, through the Stone Age, the hey-day of Egyptian civilisation, the Golden Age of Greece, on to the French *salon* and up to the present-day practice of commercial exploitation by means of courses designed to turn out students 'perfectly equipped for conversing with labourers, foreigners, prisoners, clergymen, agents, collectors—"in talking to a collector be pleasant and frank."'

Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent (whose article on 'Fleet Street: Ancient and Modern' appears on page 743 of this issue) needs no introduction to those interested in bygone London and her famous men and women. The same careful research and accurate information which characterised his earlier volume, 'A History of St. James's Square,' are to be found in his present *History of Grosvenor Square*. It comes as a fitting sequel, since Grosvenor Square had its origin in Georgian times, while the first London square, St. James's, owed its inception to Charles II.

Readers of Mr. C. E. Lawrence's earlier novels will welcome the appearance of *The Old Lady*, in which that popular author, reverting from fantasy to reality, tells with humour and charm an entertaining story of a tyrannical septuagenarian and her faithful henchwoman.

M. E. N.

## THE 'CORNHILL' COMPETITION.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 152.

THE Editor of the CORNHILL offers two prizes of books to the value of £1 from John Murray's catalogue, to the two solvers of the Literary Acrostic whose letters are opened first. Answers must be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, 50 Albemarle Street, W.1, and must contain the Coupon from page iii of the preliminary pages of this issue. They must reach the Editor by the 27th June.

'Life loiters, keeps a pulse at even measure,  
And goes upon its business and its pleasure,  
And knows not all the ——— of its ——— . . .'

1. 'By all thy ——— of lights and fires;  
By all the eagle in thee all the dove;'
2. 'For Lycidas is dead, dead ——— his time'
3. 'And if ——— thou giv'st him a smile or a tear  
He cares not—yet prithee, be kind to his fame.'
4. 'O hark, O hear! How thin and clear  
And ———, clearer, farther going!'
5. '——— vain deluding joyes'
6. 'Over rocks that are ———  
Love will find out the way.'

Answer to Acrostic 150, April number: '*Waking or Asleep*, thou of death must deem Things more true and deep than we mortals dream' (Shelley: '*Ode to a Skylark*'). 1. *WhA* (Burns: '*Mary Morison*'). 2. *AmaranthS* (Coleridge: '*Work without Hope*'). 3. *KnEL* (Byron: '*When we two parted*'). 4. *IanthE* (Landon: '*Rose Aylmer*'). 5. *NaturE* (Landon: '*Finis*'). 6. *GrasP* (Omar Khayyám).

The first correct answers opened were sent by Mrs. Bryant, Fourways, Rotten Row, near Reading, and Miss J. K. McNeill, Charlotte Street, Ballymoney. These two solvers are invited to choose books to the value of £1 from John Murray's catalogue.

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*Spectator*

**6<sup>d</sup>.**

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